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WHILE musicians are enjoying a few bars of rest, it may not be amiss to cast a glance upon the past season and note the salient features. The mere quantity of music that has been performed in London and the provinces argues the turning of considerable currents of energy into the art. We are disposed to believe that the performance has been generally worthy of the programmes. These we know are often admirable in respect of their representative character, and in the desire evinced to give new works a hearing. In the larger provincial towns orchestral schemes have been successfully carried through that the most sanguine could not a few years ago have dared to hope for.

In magnitude all events were dwarfed by the Bicentenary Handel Festival in the Crystal Palace. This Festival, of course, possesses more than musical importance. It is a means of social culture; for many it is the occasion of an enlarged experience, and all concerned in it are bound more closely to musical interests for life.

Handel worship has, it is said, been carried in England to the point of being fetishistic, and there is an opinion of Sir Julius Benedict's on record to the effect that music would prosper more fully in our midst if Handel could be forgotten for half a century. This opinion would have a firmer basis if it could be shown that English ears are closed to other and later voices. But probably more new works of the first class are produced in England than in any other country. Let the Birmingham Festival of this month be witness thereof.

A pleasant feature in the proceedings of the Philharmonic Society was the commissioning of Dvorák's symphony, which took rank at once among the great compositions of the time. Dvorák's is an interesting figure, if only for the fact that he is one of a few men who can impart lyrical life to the symphonic form. He gives the impression of having struck hardy roots deep into a new soil, and even when working on formal lines is fresh and stimulating. His influence on contemporary music promises to be healthy, though it will probably be inconsiderable, as his distinctive qualities are part of his nationality, and are therefore largely incommunicable. Dvorák's "Patriotic Hymn," produced under Mr. Geaussen, though heard at some disadvantage, was a further evidence of the composer's strength and originality.

German music has flourished under the hands of Dr. Richter. Renderings of Beethoven and Wagner, more conscientious in detail, more faithful in their general interpretation, could hardly be imagined. The Richter concerts have grown, in fact, to be regarded as an artistic education, and a considerable modification of taste in music may be predicted from Dr. Richter's work as the seasons pass. A further catholicity of spirit in the composition of his programmes will not be amiss, eclecticism shown in this way being a healthy corrective of the tendency to run into schools. Failure was written upon some of the new works produced, but it is part of the function of a conductor and of an audience to test compositions from fresh hands.

The numerous choral societies show excellent records of work, and the ancients have, by no means had it all their own way. Several performances of Mr. Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon" have been given. Berlioz' colossal conceptions have been heard at the Crystal Palace and at the Sacred Harmonic. Mr. Barnby's choir, however, excelled all others in ambition. "Parsifal," at the Albert Hall, had all the success that could reasonably have been looked for. Wagner, himself, sanctioned the performance in the concert rooms of parts of his works, so that Mr. Barnby's attempt was not without authority. But all such attempts are a deliberate sacrifice of the complete ideal. That a large proportion of the immense audience was profoundly impressed by the "Parsifal," and that a further proportion was profoundly bored, goes without saying. Perhaps the most remarkable result was what was at the time termed "the abject critical breakdown of the press." Mr. Barnby's share of the work was worthy of all praise.

The opera of the season has left a tolerably mixed impression. Italian opera, which once dominated all, was represented by the spasmodic season at Covent Garden, where Madame Patti's art sufficed to attract audiences for works that now seem woefully out of date. Madame Patti's "Carmen" was the single novelty, and the appearance of the Cantatrice in one of the most popular operas of the day had a certain comparative value. Mr. Carl Rosa's enterprises are, on the contrary, full of promise. "Nadeshda" and "Manon" are both good examples of the French aim and method, and they may be expected to remain in vogue. The most regrettable circumstance in connection with opera was the failure of Mr. Franke's scheme for six performances of "Tristan and Isolde." Mr. Franke, it is hoped, will make a fresh attempt next season, and perhaps he would do well to include other Wagnerian operas in the subscription list.

Staccato.

IT is pretty certain that in showing respect for Handel by clearing the "Messiah" of the errors and omissions introduced by successive conductors, Dr. Richter has shown a disrespect for tradition which will raise a critical storm.

AN English audience, with every desire to be dispassionate, can hardly be a fair tribunal when the proper rendering of the "Messiah" is in question. The cutting and patching of Handel has been sanctified by usage, and these vandalisms will now seem less heinous than an attempt at restoration.

ONE good result may be expected—an increased interest in the Messiah—which will help the funds of the Charity at Birmingham. Apart from the difficult question of the true Handel interpretation, many will feel that a stimulus was needed to sit through so familiar a work.

ROBERT FRANZ, whose researches form the basis of Dr. Richter's interpretations, has devoted a lifetime to the work, and so far as conscientiousness of detail and sympathy go, has every claim to obtain a hearing for his editions.

MR. IRVING has been fortunate in the moment of his visit to Germany to study "Faust"; for there has just been brought to light a stage setting of the first act from the author's hand. Goethe, as stage-manager at Weimar, was as great an autocrat in his way as the manager of the Lyceum, who has probably taken hints ere now from "Wilhelm Meister."

THE "Faust" arrangement will interest musicians quite as keenly as dramatists, the subject having been so freely treated by opera-librettists. Curiously, Goethe held that it was quite impossible to set "Faust" adequately to music. The awful and repulsive passages which would have to be dealt with, were, he thought, not in the style of the time.

CERTAINLY the awful and repulsive passages in "Faust" are not those which have been least successfully set by Berlioz and Boito, while the sensuous beauty of Gounod's work is fairly significant of the earlier scenes in the drama. The style of the time must have changed indeed, when all three are so much in vogue that Madame Valleria played a chief part in each in the course of one week.

THE Eisteddfod at Aberdare promises to be singularly successful, the favourite singers of the Principality being there in force. The programme contains items that put the best choirs to the test—the "Rose of Sharon" among others.

THE title of "Imperial Chamber Singer" is no doubt an honourable one, though it is difficult to regard it with perfect seriousness. As, however, it exists and has been borne by three singers of high rank in their art—Adelina Patti, Jenny Lind, Goldschmidt, and Arto Padilla—Miss Minnie Hauk is to be congratulated on being appointed to the fourth place on the list of honour. We can well understand the Imperial pleasure in those German songs which she sings so charmingly.

GENERAL GRANT did not like music. It is said that he had absolutely no ear; but this possibly is an exaggeration even when taken figuratively. The proofs are that—on his own statement—he would go a mile out of his way rather than listen to a band, and that when listening to a hymn he found satisfaction in mentally ticking off the verses as they were sung.

WE are inclined to regard this as a distinct proof of high musical faculty. There are bands from

which it is a cheap refuge to run a mile and miss the last train. There are hymns and congregations whose fervour is scarcely a sufficient ground for tolerance, and which have appalled more cultured, if not stouter hearts than General Grant's.

VERDI has recently appeared as a beneficent landlord, and the character sits as gracefully upon him as that of composer. A hailstorm of unusual severity caused serious damage to the crops in the neighbourhood of Busseto, where Verdi owns a large property, and he has telegraphed to his agent, directing him to make the tenants an abatement of 50 per cent. on this year's rent.

MADAME PATTI is reported to have been asked to appear in "Il Barbiere" and "La Traviata" at Munich, with the King of Bavaria as sole spectator, and to have declined on the ground that she would find it impossible to sing in an empty theatre. Roulades delivered to one personage would certainly have seemed too absurd. Even canaries are said to require an audience.

SHOULD a composer have the right to hinder a barrel-organ, musical-box, or German band from repeating his melodies without paying him a royalty? The question is not a new one, for the *Revue politique et littéraire* has just published some letters from Halevy, Rossini, and Auber upon the subject. None of them made any objection—indeed they seemed rather pleased than otherwise at this unsought flattery of the streets.

A NOT wholly dissimilar question has been raised in one of the French courts. On the night of the first representation of *Sigurd* an extended programme was issued, analysing the piece, scene by scene. The right was disputed, and the court, while dismissing the issuer as free from any charge of acting in bad faith, decided that the analyses were illegal. It is difficult to say where the line should be drawn, but it would not be a bad thing if criminal proceedings could be taken against lazy operatic and dramatic critics who substitute unnecessary restatements of plot in place of criticism.

A Memorable Hour in Westminster.

BY AN AMERICAN.

—:o:—

WHILE tossing in the Mersey I had resolved that my first day in England should be spent with those honouring the memory of Grant in Westminster Abbey. It chanced that an announcement of the funeral service was the first thing that caught my eye in the English papers which had come on board, and I immediately began to consider what likelihood there was of reaching London next day, and of gaining admission to the Abbey. Fortune favoured me; I quickly left Liverpool and its miles of masts behind, and sped through your English land—now black as the face of night, now mellow as an orchard—reaching London in sufficient time to see the friend on whom I had not vainly relied for the needful ticket.

No American can look on Westminster with a callous tourist stare. The very promptings of memory in the lines from Wordsworth's sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge,

"Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty,"

were an evidence that England and America draw

their spiritual nutriment from a common source. As I looked on the grey pile for the first time, some deep ancestral spring was touched—I was one of the Anglo-Saxon race for whom Westminster is a shrine enclosing the memories of the great men and the great causes, the lofty thought and the practical achievement on which English and American civilization alike have been raised. I could enter there in no alien spirit—could feel that our hero might there fitly be commemorated.

There is a varying sentiment in the architecture of the great religious edifices. A spacious splendour, a warmth as of oriental imagining, were it not touched with a majesty not of the East, seemed to me to breathe from St Peter's at Rome. Later I found St Paul's at London—equally impressive in its way—had a different emotional key-note. It was magnificent prose, stately, rhythmical, yet austere as Milton's. Westminster must, I think, to the frequent visitor, seem calmly poetic—a place where tender reverie may be indulged, and the historic imagination may receive a delightful stimulus. But I entered it at a time when sorrow for departed greatness seemed to wreath about the graceful shafts, and to impart a deeper tone to the misty air.

Regarding the service I have little to say. The choral parts had the sonorous beauty which goes far to compensate for the monotone generally adopted, probably for acoustic reasons, by readers and preachers in England. The vestments of the choristers, moreover, made a pleasing harmony with the architectural setting. The white surplices suggested days of leisure and lofty ceremonial; these had kept their form and meaning while the world had changed, and some of the picturesqueness had gone out of life. By contrast, the frocked and gloved audience of British and American notables seemed to declare an age of prose; although among that audience were men whose services to humanity will some day be inscribed within these hallowed walls. The preacher's task was a difficult one. Speaking to an audience largely American, he had to dwell on the character of their great soldier-president round whom the affection of a people has raised a haze of beautiful sentiment. Sympathy the most perfect might well have strayed at times. But the notes rarely rang false. The orator went from point to point with sure and delicate step, and the peroration had the moving quality of true eloquence. For me, however, the supreme moment came when the preacher having pronounced the benediction, and the choir formed into procession, there suddenly broke through the tall spaces of the Cathedral the strains of the "Dead March."

The "Dead March." When Handel penned it, had he any presentiment that he was writing the funeral hymn of the Anglo-Saxon race? Beethoven's "March for the Death of a Hero" has a more varied eloquence; grief discourses there in ampler strains; it is not enough that the sorrowing heart has spoken; every phase of the emotion must be intoned until the orchestra vibrates to its foundations. Then Chopin has struck a note of peculiar poignancy. His "Marcia Funèbre" thrills the listener with a sense of grief but half expressed, grief all the keener that the emotions have gathered force only to be thrown back upon themselves. It yearns for solace, and is inconsolable ever. But neither of these finds its way to the general heart so surely as the simpler strains of Handel.

The reason is, I suppose, that Handel's music is part of that complex web of association which makes up the intellectual and emotional life. Beethoven's is not; Chopin's is not. When the people of a free country sing the "Marseillaise" or the "Hymn of Liberty" it is not the power of the tune alone that sends pulsations along all the sentient paths to the soul. Vague memories are stirred; the holy fire that burned within their ancestors as they marched singing to the guillotine flames for a space anew; subtle springs are touched that liberate ancestral tendencies, or revivify deep

experiences. Thus a simple sequence of notes will rouse to revolution, light the genial glow of friendship, or start a flood of painful emotion. And Handel's "Dead March" has for me this closeness of touch. I have probably heard it oftener and in sadder moods of the spirit than most Americans. It speaks to me, through the most intimate sense, of life's battles nobly fought and nobly lost; it connects the present with sorrows long shaded, and personal griefs with the universal pain and mystery of death. If I have judged rightly, the "Dead March" has an effect akin to this on the English people as a whole. When a common soldier is borne to his grave, the mournful strains and muffled drums set in sympathetic vibration deep chords, that have thrilled before and will thrill again to a more than personal sorrow.

And Handel's music, so unelaborated, manly, and restrained, accords well with the genius of an austere people. It is a Dead March befitting those who meet Fate with a forthright regard, and are superior to sorrow and death. As I stand in the Abbey, one of a hushed and solemn audience, it seems as if the tones of the organ were eloquent of something more than grief. Above the steady beat of the bass that marks the inexorable progress to the grave, there rises the voice of tender regret; but gradually the tones become more assured, and proclaim that the spirit lives on in a humanity made richer by the efforts of him who has passed away; then when feeling seems once more about to deepen into anguish the harmonies change into a swelling peal of triumph, until sculptured shaft, misty roof and dim recesses quiver and reverberate with the mighty tones. Whose was the musician's hands that touched the keys I know not; but this I know, he had caught the inspiration of the scene, and his soul went out in the music.

In the silence, the overwhelming silence as it seemed, that followed, the hearts of many men were nearer to each other than they had been for years. National asperities and jealousies disappear at such moments, and the dispersing Americans who went aside to look at the tomb of poor André probably rejoiced in all sincerity that both peoples can now calmly discern and honestly regret the errors of the past, remembering only the common good. The fraternal regard expressed by the preacher for Americans, I for one, believe would be echoed by the English nation.

For my part I preferred to go, while the vibrations of the "Dead March" still lingered in the air, straight to the tomb of Handel. Magician, what a gift was his! Here where his bones have lain for more than a century, men still acknowledge his power. He has made the music for many a hero's funeral march, but his strains are for the living; and the preacher's closing words pointing to a common work and aspiration had from him a noble enforcement. As I pass from the shade of the Abbey into the throng of London, I am conscious of a keener sense of human brotherhood because I have felt the solemnising power of the "Dead March;" and I shall have a quicker perception of what is of enduring good in England, because I have spent my first day with great memories and with Handel.

CHOPIN was born of French parents in Poland, and has had a part of his education in Germany. The influences of these nationalities render his personality a very remarkable phenomenon; he has especially assimilated the best of all which characterises the three peoples. Poland gave him his chivalrous feeling and its historic sorrow; France its light charm, its grace; Germany gave him its romantic depth of feeling. —HEINE.

PIANOFORTE composition holds a considerable place in the modern history of music; in it the first dawn of a new musical genius is generally displayed. Bach and Handel, Mozart and Beethoven, all grew up at the pianoforte; and like sculptors, who first model their statues in small soft masses, they may often have sketched at this instrument what they afterwards worked out in grander orchestral forms. —SCHUMANN.

Birmingham Musical Festival 1885.

THE year 1768 is not one which is held generally memorable. Sheridan's wit had then the dew of freshness still upon it; Laurence Sterne, having thrown his many-sided humour upon life, was closing his eyes to human foibles and weaknesses; musicians still talked affectionately of the Mr Handel they had known as they turned from the concert-room with the closing strains of the Messiah in their ears; politicians were trafficking in places, walking by the decaying light of the court of George the Third, while in the new world the seeds of a great republic were rapidly germinating. But neither literature nor politics had succeeded in making the year noteworthy; it is when we regard the history of music that 1768 obtains prominence in the calendar; for, in that year, a few public spirited men of Birmingham arranged the first of the performances which during the past half-century have largely determined the course of musical progress, and in our own day have become events of the first magnitude in the sphere of art. To all who recognise what Birmingham has achieved for music, the year 1768 must in its way seem as fruitful as that later year of political significance in which the men of Birmingham again helped to make history.

It is worth turning to the modest beginnings of the Birmingham Festivals, if only to learn the value of sustained public effort. Benevolence as a motive power tends to spasmodic action; and though music has often become the handmaid of charity it has rarely had a lengthened service. But in Birmingham, by sustained action, by wise organisation and direction of social and artistic forces, music has been turned throughout a full century to ends of practical beneficence, while it has also prospered as an art, rising to fuller stature in the exercise of its good gifts. What is known of the first Festival or Musical Entertainment projected by the managers of the General Hospital in aid of the Funds, is proof both of this active benevolence and of musical taste; for, having tempted the public with programmes formed almost exclusively from Handel, it was arranged that the Countesses of Dartmouth and Aylesford should stand at the door of St Philip's Church to receive donations which they "very obligingly" did. It argues also no mean skill in the art of promoting the enthusiasm which effervesces in gold, that the first promoters should have added to the list of attractions "a Ball at Mrs Sawyer's in the Square," and further enhanced this by the announcement that the streets would be lighted from the Playhouse to the Ball-room.

Indeed the records of the Festivals, as preserved in Mr Bunce's "History," show so late as 1802 a quaint concern, on the part of the managers, for the general comfort and entertainment of their patrons.

"Much care was expended by the Committee in providing good eating and drinking for the persons attending the Festivals, but it was also an object to procure these necessary refreshments at a reasonable charge. Accordingly the Committee agreed that ordinaries should be prepared at the two principal taverns—the Stork and the Shakespeare—but that the charge should not exceed 5s. per head, 'including malt liquor'; and it was further decided that not more than ninepence per head should be paid for tea at the ball. So determinedly were the Committee bent upon laying in a good stock of provender, that a month before the Festival they directed their Secretary to write to Lord Dudley's steward, to ask whether his lordship means to send any venison against the Oratorios. It is to be hoped that the Secretary penned his letter in terms a little more polished than those of the resolution. From the circumstance that a similar application was

made at the next Festival, we infer that this was actually the case, and that the venison was duly sent and eaten. At a future period, as the attendance at the Festivals became larger, the demands of the Committee were extended, and the Earl of Aylesford and Mr Heneage Legge (of Aston Hall), were laid under contribution for a supply of the 'savory meat.'"

The care of the managers of to-day for the comfort of visitors takes a somewhat different form; in the intention of their admirable arrangements they have however caught the spirit of their zealous predecessors.

The unbroken success of the Festivals is undoubtedly due to the ideal consistently held throughout a century—that of having the greatest music worthily performed. The list of works rendered up till 1834, is largely a list of masterpieces, and taken as a whole shows marvellously sound selective judgment. In 1834 the new Town Hall—raised mainly with a view to the requirements of the Festivals—was inaugurated, and with it came an enlarged policy. The production of new works by the most eminent living masters was from that time aimed at, and the Committee has carried out this policy with such distinction that the Birmingham Festival has an unequalled celebrity. All the world knows that Birmingham enterprise gave to the world in the "Elijah" the greatest sacred composition made known to human ears since the days of Handel. To Mendelssohn succeeded Costa; succeeded in a double sense, because "Eli" and "Naaman" bear on every page the influence of the German master. Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," Sir Julius Benedict's "St Peter," Sullivan's "Light of the World," are a few of the larger sacred compositions which have first been heard at Birmingham in these later years. And when we remember M. Gounod's "Redemption," and regard the constitution of the programme of 1885, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Birmingham supplies the main stimulus to the production of this form of the musical art. Of secular compositions specially written for the Festival there is a long and lengthening list.

To name the vocalists and instrumentalists who have taken part in the Festivals would really amount to making a roll of the most distinguished artistes of the past two generations. Mrs Billington and Madame Mara, once queens of song, seem now very remote personages; Catalani, Malibran, Sontag, are names preserved in harmonious tradition; they are stars that crossed our firmament when the century was young. Clara Novello, Grisi, Titiens, Sainton-Dolby, live yet in memory; while Patti, Nilsson and Albani, yielding nothing in brilliance to their predecessors, still hold our audiences with the ravishment of tone. There have been few great tenors and basses unheard at Birmingham. Braham, the unrivalled singer of ballads dear to the English heart; Mario, the epitome of grace and distinction; Reeves, peerless in art; Cummings, Lloyd and Maa, Staudigl, Lablache, Formes, Weiss, Foli, and Santley, great singers all, have from time to time exhibited their cultured art at the Festivals.

The conductor of a Birmingham Festival is by virtue of his position a prominent figure in the musical world, and it is a coveted honour. For twelve triennial Festivals the baton was held by the late Sir Michael Costa, who, in the course of a peculiarly active life, established for himself a position of great authority. Public opinion accepted him as the ideal conductor, and although many of his interpretations may be questioned, and some of his amendments and additions were wholly bad, there can be no doubt that the Festivals owed much to his high capacity for affairs, his strength in the management of crude masses, and his generally sound musicianship. Among his most notable predecessors were Grotto, famous organist of his day and man of wide attainments, and Dr Crotch, one of the most learned of English musicians, whose works, both literary and musical, are still a power. But it was during Costa's long reign that the Festivals attained their European celebrity,

and his is a notable personality missing from the celebration of 1885.

Programme—1885.

Tuesday Morning, August 25.
Oratorio, "Elijah," Mendelssohn.
Tuesday Evening, August 25.
New Cantata, "Sleeping Beauty," F. H. Cowen.
Violin Concerto, in E (Mendelssohn), Senior Sarasate.
Brindisi (Lucrezia Borgia), Madame Trebelli.
Violin Solo, Senior Sarasate.
Scena (A. C. Mackenzie), Mr E. Lloyd.
Overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner.
Wednesday Morning, August 26.
New Oratorio, "Mors et Vita," Gounod.
Wednesday Evening, August 26.
New Cantata, "Yule-Tide," Anderson.
New Symphony, No. 3, in F major, Op. 22, Prout.
New Violin Concerto in E, Op. 32, Senior Sarasate.
(Mackenzie).
Song (Massenet), "Ah Depart," Mr E. Lloyd.
Song (Berlioz), "Absence," Mrs Hutchinson.
Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 1, Liszt.
Thursday Morning, August 27.
Oratorio, "Messiah," Handel.
Thursday Evening, August 27.
New Cantata, "The Spectre's Bride," Dvorak.
Selection, "Tristan und Isolde," Wagner.
Hymn, "Rock of Ages," Dr Bridge.
Solo, "Romeo and Juliet," (Gounod), Madame Albani.
Friday Morning, August 28.
New Oratorio, "The Three Holy Children," Stanford.
Choral Symphony, No. 9, in D, Beethoven.
Friday Evening, August 28.
Oratorio, "Mors et Vita," Gounod.

Conductor—Dr Hans Richter.

(Portrait in Music Supplement.)

If the management had stood committed to any school of music, they might well have hesitated before placing Dr Richter—the friend and apostle of Wagner—in the office once held by Mendelssohn and Costa.

Dr Richter has not shown himself deficient in sympathy, but he has been nurtured in the latest school of German art, and that school has his allegiance. It may, however, be readily understood that the selection of a conductor was determined on a very simple basis. The extent of the financial and artistic interests involved in the Festival make it imperative that the man entrusted with the baton should possess exceptional tact, energy, and persistence; should be able to impress his will on large bodies of singers and instrumentalists, and to bring order out of confusion. He must to the musician's power add the capacity of a man of affairs and leader of men. The greatest composer of the day might in such a position prove a disastrous failure; Wagner and Schumann, for example, were less successful as conductors than many ordinary orchestral leaders. Dr Richter has a highly specialized gift, developed by a quite unique experience. It is simply stating the bare truth to say that with the single exception of Mr Manns, there is not a musician in England who has a title of his special qualifications. This implies no disparagement of the many English composers whose powers lie in another direction, and from whom, with all submission it may be said, that better things are expected than the perfect drilling of a chorus and orchestra.

Dr Richter comes of a musical stock, his father having been one of Prince Esterhazy's musicians, and his mother an operatic singer of some repute.

Born at Raab, in Hungary, in 1843, he was educated at the Lowenburg Convent School in Vienna, from which he entered the choir of the Court chapel. At the age of sixteen he became a pupil of the Vienna Conservatoire, and there applied himself to the acquirement of the horn, while pursuing his studies in composition. Later he became horn-player at the Karntnerthor Opera House, and had

the good fortune to win the friendship of Capellmeister Esser, an enthusiastic adherent of Wagner. In 1866 Esser recommended Richter to Wagner as a copyist and arranger, and under Wagner his gift speedily developed. Two years later he became conductor of the Hof Theatre at Munich, and in 1870 we find him conducting "Lohengrin" at Brussels. The conductorship of the National Opera House at Pesth fell to him in 1871, and while still holding this post he distinguished himself by conducting a Wagner concert at Vienna. The result of his appearance in the Austrian capital was an invitation to become director of the Court theatre, and conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, one of the finest orchestras in Europe. Richter's work there received the sanction of the most eminent critics in that critical city.

The Wagner Festival at Bayreuth in 1876 placed him in the foreground of the musical world. His immense capacity for detail, his abnormal memory, his firm, magnetic hold of the orchestra, were demonstrated to the admiration of critics from every part of Europe; and when in 1877 he came to England to assist at the Wagner Festival in the Albert Hall, his reputation had preceded him. It was matter of comment at the time that Wagner's music seemed greatest when Wagner resigned the baton to his assistant, the difference of temperament noticeably affecting the orchestra. Returning to Vienna, Richter produced the "Walkyrie" and "Rheingold," receiving from the Emperor, as a recognition of signal merit, the order of Franz Josef.

In 1879 Richter conducted the concerts at St James' Hall, which had been undertaken by his devoted friend Mr Hermann Franke. These concerts inaugurated the now famous "Richter Concerts." A chorus in praise of Richter issued from the London press, and this was, if possible, accented in 1880 when he produced "Lohengrin." Richter's subsequent work with his orchestra is now matter of common knowledge both in London and the provinces. Perfect knowledge of its score, and perfect ability to realise it, as upon some familiar instrument, are conceded to him by the unfriendliest critics. In knowledge of the *technique* of the various instruments, and notably of the brass, he has few rivals, as all orchestral players will admit. It is not the least merit of his conducting that it is thoroughly self-contained. In this regard he contrasts favourably with such a conductor as Bülow, whose comportment can hardly be justified, and who has to be taken as an original with the defects of his great qualities. Bülow's extravagant action disturbs the sense: Richter's eloquent yet unostentatious method assists it.

The prejudices on the score of nationality, which have recently found somewhat vehement expression, are not, we are convinced, widely entertained by the English public. Unworthy at the best, the contention that the prizes of the English musical world should be reserved for Englishmen, is an introduction of narrow motives into Art, which should be indifferent to questions of race and sensitive only to excellence. Moreover, our insular feeling may be trusted not to pass over the native musician without good cause shown. Richter's exceptional abilities have been in evidence for several years, and although Oxford University awoke somewhat suddenly, after a century of lethargy, to her duty of honouring the musician, no one can plead that the honour fell on an unworthy head. The recent criticisms of the composition of the Festival orchestra were in all the circumstances no more than natural; but it is very intelligible that a conductor, eager to do his utmost for Art, may without a scintilla of racial bias wish to surround himself with his tried players. What is for the moment overlooked is that Sir Michael Costa did precisely what has been urged against Richter. When Costa assumed the conductorship in 1849, almost his first act was to insist upon engaging only those performers who were accustomed to play under his direction or who had large experience in London. This is quoted as a merit in Costa; it

can hardly be a sure ground of offence in Richter. Let the orchestra be judged by the result.

Gounod's "Mors et Vita."

THE description with which M. Gounod has prefaced his work may be quoted here as supplementing our notes of last month:—

"This work is the continuation of my sacred trilogy 'The Redemption.' It will perhaps be asked why, in the title, I have placed death before life, although in the order of temporal things life precedes death. Death is only the end of that existence which dies each day; it is only the end of a continual 'dying.' But it is the first moment, and, as it were, the birth of that which dies no more. I cannot here enter into a detailed analysis of the different musical forms which express the meaning and idea of this work. I do not wish to expose myself to the reproach either of pretension or subtlety. I shall therefore confine myself to pointing out the essential features of the ideas I have wished to express; that is to say, the tears which death causes us to shed here below; the hope of a better life; the solemn dread of unerring Justice; the tender and filial trust in eternal Love. Among those musical forms of which the reiteration through the work is most to be noticed, I shall call special attention to the following:—



which expresses the terror inspired by the sense of the inflexibility of Justice, and, in consequence, by that of the anguish of punishment. This melodic form, which is employed both in ascending and descending order, presents a sequence of three major seconds. Its sternness gives expression both to the sentences of Divine Justice, and the sufferings of the condemned, and is found in combination throughout the whole work with melodic forms which express sentiments altogether different, as in the 'Sanctus' and the 'Pie Jesu,' in the Requiem, which forms the first part—



"This second melodic form, that of sorrow and tears, is transformed, by the use of the major key, and the alteration of a single note, into the expression of consolation and joy—



expresses the happiness of the blessed.

"Lastly, the following melodic form, which by means of threefold superposition, results in the interval of an augmented fifth, announces the awakening of the dead at the terrifying call of the angelic trumpets, of which St Paul speaks in one of his Epistles to the Corinthians"—



Ch. Gounod

Herr Antonin Dvorak's Cantata, "The Spectre's Bride."

(Portrait in Music Supplement.)

AN account of the book of Herr Dvorak's work appeared in our pages last month. In connection with the production of this important composition, our readers may be glad to have a few notes regarding the author who is bulking more largely year by year in the view of the English public.

Dvorak was born at Muhlhausen, in Bohemia, forty-four years ago. His parents were poor, and he has won his way to eminence in face of great hardships. The rudiments of music were instilled in him at the village school, as by a wise law every child in Bohemia must study music. As soon as he could fiddle he joined the village band. At thirteen he began to study the organ and to attempt composition. When sixteen years of age his parents were persuaded to send him to Prague to study music in earnest. There he remained for three

years, learning as yet nothing of instrumentation, and hearing only by chance a real orchestral performance—Beethoven's "Choral" Symphony, conducted by Spohr. Leaving college at nineteen, he was obliged to earn a livelihood by playing a stringed instrument in one of the bands that perform in the cafes at Vienna. Meanwhile he wrought hard at composition, getting laughed at by his fellows, but fully indulging his idiosyncrasy. After much effort and failure he succeeded in obtaining a Government grant of 600 florins. This was awarded to him as an artist of original genius on the recommendation of Hanslick. Brahms thereafter introduced him to a Berlin publisher, and soon his compositions became known throughout Europe. In England he has been received with a warmth of sentiment and a unanimity of approval for which a parallel is not easily found.

Dr Villiers Stanford's Oratorio, "The Three Holy Children."

(Portrait in Music Supplement.)

A SYNOPSIS of Dr Stanford's oratorio was printed here last month.

Charles Villiers Stanford was born in Dublin, on the 30th September 1852. He was placed by his father, an enthusiastic lover of music, under Mr A. O'Leary and Sir Robert Stewart, and afterwards he went to Cambridge as choral scholar. In 1873 he succeeded Dr J. L. Hopkins as organist of Trinity College, and a year later he graduated in classical honours. During the next two or three years he studied at Leipzig and Berlin, and in 1877 he took his M.A. degree, and came before the public as a composer. His first effort was an overture for one of the Gloucester Festivals, a work which won very high commendation. Stanford's subsequent career as a creative musician is well known. He has composed in all forms, displaying great facility, earnestness, and scholarship, achieving much and giving promise of more.

Mr F. H. Cowen's Cantata, "The Sleeping Beauty."

(Portrait in Music Supplement.)

MR COWEN has been provided with a subject which lends itself most happily to his delicate art. The story of the "Sleeping Beauty" has come down to us from the morning time of the world; and in spite of the changes it has undergone, it preserves the characteristics of the primitive Aryan races, who opened naïve eyes upon the world and projected their own feelings into external nature. Dr Hueffer, upon whose libretto Mr Cowen has worked, has arranged the cantata with considerable elaboration of detail.

The personages introduced are the King, the Princess, the Wicked Fay, and a chorus of Good Fays, Ladies and Knights. At the outset we hear the royal household complaining of the absence of an heir, a defect which is shortly remedied by the birth of a daughter. Baptismal rejoicings follow, in the midst of which the Good Fays enter and surround the infant cot. One carries a spinning-wheel and flax, and the fibres of the flax are fine gold. Then rises the chorus—

"Draw the thread, and weave the woof,
For the little child's behoof,
Future dark to human eyes
Openly before us lies."

This chorus is broken by the entrance of the Wicked Fay, who forbodes evil—

"Ere the buds of thy youth are blown,
Ere a score of thy years are flown,
Thou shalt prick thy hand, thou shalt die."

Out of this arise protestations and challenges; the Evil Fay departs, and the Good Fays having predicted ultimate triumph for the mortal they favour, also steal silently away. The Princess passes from childhood to maidenhood, and again there are festivities. This is the opportunity of the malignant fairy: the Princess is tempted to a turret chamber, where she pricks her finger with the distaff of the spinning-wheel, and instantly the whole court is plunged in forgetfulness.

How the long sleep is broken by the coming of the Prince is, of course, known to every reader of verse and child-lore. One of the most charming of fairy tales, it could not have fallen into better hands than Mr Cowen's.

Mr A. C. Mackenzie's Violin Concerto.

MR MACKENZIE'S Concerto opens with an *allegro non troppo* in C sharp minor, continues with a *fargo* in A major, and ends with an *allegro vivace* in E major. This is Mr Mackenzie's opus 32. The preceding opus numbers are attached to larger works of the orchestral and choral order than is mostly the case with composers yet young. Born at Edinburgh in 1847, Mr Mackenzie studied in Germany and in London. Returning to Edinburgh he established himself as a teacher, rising high in the profession, when, giving reign to his creative instincts, he entered upon the career of composer, and has rapidly augmented the musical wealth of our time.

A. C. Mackenzie

Mr Anderton's Cantata, "Yule-Tide."

An idea of Mr Anderton's work will best be conveyed in his own words:—

"In this Cantata there is no developed dramatic design or continuous story. The idea of the work is a gathering of kindred and friends on Christmas Eve (such as is common in many countries), at which stories are told and adventures related. The Cantata opens with a prologue, in the course of which voices are heard (presumably outside) singing a Christmas Carol. This is followed by an Introductory Festive Christmas Chorus, after which the Sailor gives his story of 'Christmas Eve at Sea,' and the little child tells her 'Dream of the Christ-Child.' Shortly afterwards the company, as represented by the chorus, call for a ghost story, and, in response to this appeal, the weird Icelandic story of Gudrun and her ride through the night with her spectre lover is told. This legend (known in various forms in different countries), is, as narrated in this Cantata, supposed to be followed with vivid interest by the chorus, who in imagination realise the incidents of the story, and by their interpolations give a certain dramatic colouring to this part of the Cantata. A vocal quintet which shortly follows, and for which Shakespeare's words—

'Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,' &c.

are used, leads on to an instrumental Intermezzo, which is intended to suggest the close approach of the holy Christmas Morn, and which movement, if not too presumptuous, might perhaps take for its text and its title, 'The time draws near the birth of Christ.' This Intermezzo quietly merges into the following soprano solo, with chorus, 'Hush, our Christmas Eve is ending;' and a quartet and chorus, 'Gloria in Excelsis,' brings the Cantata to a close.

Thomas Anderton

Dr Bridge's Hymn, "Rock of Ages."

DR BRIDGE'S Hymn, "Jesus, pro me perforatus," is dedicated to Mr Gladstone, the author of the Latin text, and prefixed by the following note:—

"Augustus Montague Toplady, author of the well-known hymn 'Rock of Ages,' and other poems, was born at Farnham, in Surrey, in the year 1740, and was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Dublin. He held the livings successively of Blagdon, Somerset, and Broad Hembury, Devon, from which he removed to London in 1775, to become chief minister of the Calvinistic Chapel, Orange Street. He died in the year 1778, and is chiefly memorable in Church History for his strenuous opposition to John Wesley and the movement he originated. The hymn first appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* for March 1776, where it is entitled 'A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world.' The Latin version, 'Jesus, pro me perforatus,' written 1848, appeared in the joint volume of translations published in 1861 by Mr Gladstone and the late Lord Lyttelton. The music was written for this version only, but the setting adapts itself fairly well to the English original, the sentiment and the sense of which Mr Gladstone so closely follows."

The Origin of Mozart's Opera "Don Giovanni."

FORTUNE can scarcely be held to be the patron saint of librettists. For the most part they are destined to a precarious immortality in attendance upon the composer with whom they have formed alliance, and to whom the indiscriminating public accords the first place. It may safely be assumed that to nine-tenths of modern opera-goers the very name of Da Ponte is unfamiliar, and that Mozart might have been his own librettist for any gratitude which finds expression towards the Italian adventurer who gave him very material aid. To the student of character, however, there is much in the librettist's history of genuine interest, apart from any consideration of the literary or artistic value of his work. Bohemianism has had few more frank exponents than the wandering poet, in whom there appears to have been a graft of Rousseau and Beaumarchais upon the stock of Gil Blas. Student, tutor, revolutionist, gambler, lyric poet, free-liver, improvisator, parasite, dramatist, writer of memoirs, literary critic, he took life just as it came to him without too narrow scrutiny of its ends or too many ethical scruples in the matter of ways and means.

He was born in Ceneda, went through the usual academic course of study, gave lessons to eke out a slender income, and in 1797, at the age of twenty, went to Venice to push his fortunes. Of the Venice of the period ample record remains, a fine quarry for future writers of fiction. Baretti, Goldoni, Casanova, Carlo and Gaspard Gozzi, Ferrari, Alfieri, his contemporaries, have all left interesting memoirs; but none of them are more frank and naïve than those published long after in New York by the librettist of Don Giovanni. To read his account of himself is at once to pass into the atmosphere and surroundings of which Lesage was so perfect a painter—a life without horizons, without proportion, abounding in romantic casualties, the trapeze flight of a man who lives by his wits over perpetual possibilities of misery and death. Despite his gambling propensities and frequent association with vice in various forms, he appears to have preserved something of his youthful ingenuousness. He was an enthusiastic disciple of Rousseau and the "state of nature," and his nature was far from being a wholly unsatisfactory guide. His revolutionary outbursts were more suggestive of sealing-wax than of lava. He gave lyrical expression to wishes that he might be changed into a Briareus or an Alcides, that he might have the steed of Roland, his sword and other appurtenances, in order that he might ride throughout the world, reducing tyrannies to a state of nature; he wrote Latin hexameters and pentameters to the praise and glory of the "Novam Lacademonem," America, and the great "Franklinium;" he even expressed contempt for the fasces of the consuls, and made light of kings. These ebullitions, however, are of minor interest compared with the record of his amours and ingenuities, of the ink-bottle which was cracked across his crown, and the poniard which threatened his heart—the many experiences which gave the vividness of personal narrative to his treatment of the Don Giovanni tradition. They must be read for themselves in his own fluent and picturesque speech to be appreciated. It is sufficient to say that for these and his lyric sarcasms he was brought before the court, received a nominal sentence, and was immediately adopted into the household of one of his judges, Memmo, as a literary appendage.

After leaving the palace of Memmo, more adventures and a series of odes addressed to the emperor, the empress, and the minister, Marcolini, whom he called "Richelieu," resulted in his appearance at Vienna and Dresden. The contrapuntist Hubert gave him some good advice, and lent him Thomas à Kempis, which he probably forgot to

follow, and probably forgot to return. It was then that he made the acquaintance of Mozart, and recognising his genius in opera, proposed to adapt for him the "Mariage de Figaro." After such work as the libretto of "Der Schauspielerdirector," supplied to Mozart by the younger Stephanie, that of Da Ponte, with his swift perception of operatic situation, seemed almost perfect, and the success was immediate. Then came the suggestion to transform Don Juan into opera-comique, and the librettist was soon at work upon it.

The Don Juan myth had already an extensive history. The nucleus appears to have been the simple story that Don Juan Tenorio, after killing the commandant of Ulloa, whose daughter he had dishonoured, took refuge in the same Franciscan convent in which his victim was buried, and there died. About this other details clustered by a natural process of accretion. The Franciscans themselves are alleged to have spread the story that the statue of the victim had dragged the criminal to hell. Possibly a figurative expression received a literal interpretation; possibly, as some have insinuated, it was an appeal to popular credulity to conceal the vengeance taken by the monks. Once having assumed concrete shape the legend was exploited by the church for ethical purposes. It was made the subject of moralities as an impressive warning for atheists. In the hands of Gabriel Teller (Tirso de Molina), a "*Beaumarchais en capuchon*," it assumed a wider dramatic import; the outlines of the eueptic villain were more strongly marked, the colours more lurid. He is no longer merely the symbol of unbelief terminating in a single gross crime; he is the incarnation of voluptuousness and luxury; the final crime is the climax of a long and gradual ascent. The scene of the disappearance has also been developed; the invitation is given to the statue, and the counter invitation to Don Juan, to sup with the dead. A further and striking change is observable when the larger intelligence of Molière took up the tradition. The gross sensual type is refined; in place of the purely impulsive animal comes the reasoning sensualist, cynical, witty, calculating—the Gallic as against the Spanish type. It is this which furnished Da Ponte with his treatment though Da Ponte, both by temperament and by the limitations of opera, inevitably diminished rather than developed the profundity of the study.

He has left a not uninteresting picture of his method of work. "At night, and generally till midnight, I laboured at the work for Mozart. A bottle of the best Tokay stood at my right, the best Seville tobacco in a tobacco-box at my left, and the 'Dante,' in which I used to read to get up inspiration, remained open before me. When my poetic enthusiasm began to cool, I rang the bell and brought up a charming child, the daughter of the mistress of the house, then sixteen years old. Sometimes, by her mother's request, she brought me a biscuit or a cup of coffee; sometimes her sweet face, lit with smiles, sufficed to reanimate my poetry. For two months—thanks to these delightful interruptions—I accustomed myself to work twelve hours a day, without finding it irksome. In the neighbouring chamber, near her mother, occupied in sewing or reading, she awaited with that energetic feminine patience until a ring of the bell should call her for some service within. Sometimes she entered, and seeing me very busy and not wishing to disturb my work, she would sit at a little distance, motionless, her eyes fixed on me while I wrote, abstaining even from moving her eyelids, breathing gently, smiling graciously, and as if ready to weep when she saw me too fatigued with work. It often led me to raise my head and contemplate her, and as I found that this hindered me I ended by ringing the bell less frequently. Between the tobacco-box, the bell, the Tokay, and the German damsel I thus achieved my libretto." He should not have omitted the "Dante,"—somewhat more potent inspiration than that of De Stendhal, who used to "read a page of the Code every morn-

ning to give himself tone." The corresponding picture of Mozart at work upon his delayed overture, under the stimulus of strong punch, while his wife told him fairy tales to keep him awake, is much better known. What successful results attended this queerly assorted partnership between a man of essentially religious instincts and this somewhat dilapidated roué needs no pointing out to English opera-goers.

One Hundred Years Ago.

ONE hundred years ago Capellmeister Joseph Haydn was dutifully providing music for the delectation of his master the Prince Esterhazy. It is easy to imagine the composer, clad in the blue and silver raiment of the house, seated at the clavier, and signalling the little group of players, who have grown old with him in the same easy service, to begin his new symphony. The instruments promptly unite in a long-drawn note followed by a few grave bars; then a crisp chord is struck, and straightway the violins dash into an allegro with an alluring accent that sets all the hearers' wigs bobbing. Soon the bassoons and horns make their way to the front with a second strain, quite as merry though less nimble than the first; flute and oboe catch it up to trifle with it, and finally pass it in a disguised form to the strings; then having dallied sufficiently and meted out justice as between tonic and dominant in contrasted piano and forte passages, the whole of the instruments spring forward to a brilliant climax in which trumpets and drum have the closing honours.

After this gaiety it is fitting that a little sentiment should be indulged. Accordingly the violoncello sings a minor strain through an adagio movement; the viola keeps company; flutes and violins drop soothing phrases on a ground plan of melodious complainings. This has a dying fall promptly to be hustled from the memory by a minuet in which the instruments enter into boisterous rivalry. Now it is time to make an end. Once more the violins lead briskly; the brasses echo the phrases without slackening the pace; the bassoon has a staccato grumble by itself in the underworld, hurrying up in time for the general cadence, while the listeners prepare to exchange opinions and snuff boxes. But the ingenious Capellmeister has here a little artifice. Just as all seemed ready for a jovial wind-up, the violoncello is heard stealing off with the theme. Again there is a chatter in octave between flute and bassoon, interrupted by oboes and horns, until, taking the matter firmly in hand, the violins carry the work forward with a rush, and the trumpets lending a brazen emphasis, all finally agree in one great chord that acts as a full stop and point of exclamation. Whereupon the prince is graciously pleased to express his satisfaction with his faithful Haydn.

Now here has been much melodious agitation of the air, what state, emotional or intellectual, has it produced in the listeners? Prince Esterhazy and the cultured amateurs of his household admire with the high bred discrimination proper to personages who have the right to exact all manner of æsthetic ministrants for a material equivalent. Their talk is of tuneful parts and smooth modulations, of spirit, and invention, and easy movement. The close was somewhat retarded, was it not? or the adagio was a trifle overworked—failings to which the excellent Capellmeister was a little prone—and the second subject of the allegro might have been in better contrast. One and all, however, make acknowledgment of melodic beauty, and of the delight which the symphony has added to the last thirty minutes of existence. No one remarks that this or that idea was well or ill expressed; no one dreams of speculating as to the composer's intention. There was for the listeners neither sorrow, longing, nor any other definite human passion in the tones of the

cello. That instrument had simply the main subject in a slow movement which fell on the ear agreeably after the bustle of the allegro, and lent additional piquancy to the succeeding minuet. Waves of luscious sounds had laved the chambers of the ears and that was all. To the prince the suggestion that Haydn had anything to say to him in music, or had any appeal to make to his emotional nature would have seemed ludicrous—this Haydn who wore the livery of the house, who had a salary of £100 with free quarters and the prospect of a pension, who left the castle only by permission, and in times past had accepted an admonition to be more diligent in the composition of music for the gamba! It was certainly not to facilitate any such gratuitous task as the rendering of Haydn's feelings in music that he was retained in the service, but to furnish at command and in a craftsmanlike manner new and agreeable combinations of notes—a function which fell within a general scheme for the ornamentation of life at Esterhazy. And Haydn would have taken no umbrage at a definition of his duty which ranked him as a superior sort of decorator. He had entertaining music to provide, and his thrifty plan was to rise in the early morning and permit his fingers to wander over the clavier until an idea suggested itself that seemed worth working out. When worked out it was a melody for strings or winds with certain tone combinations, possibilities of extension, climax and the like. In origin the composition was wholly prosaic; in production it had no greater intellectual assistance than is implied in the muttering of paternosters; in intention it was solely directed to satisfying his master. The artificer in brass or iron regards the work of his hands and sees that it is good. So Haydn regarded his finished product; but finding, at the same time, his main satisfaction in the thought that his service at Esterhazy had been conscientiously performed; that he had furnished all kinds of music to order, and had always pleased his prince.

A century has sped, and with it the naïve Esterhazy attitude towards music. Try to describe a composition by Wagner as Haydn's was described, and a sense of inadequacy is borne in upon the mind. An altered spirit and purpose appeal to an altered criticism, and find us intellectually disqualified for accepting music as at its best a succession of sounds that entertain the ear and tend to the embellishment of life. Music must now thrill with our sorrows or lend wings to our aspirations; must announce a world-humour or thunder with the voice of destiny. By what stress—cerebral or social—we have been driven to demand that this deep significance shall emerge in sound, is a question that has been variously answered. Is it that the world is waxen old and we are no longer able to take a breezy delight in beauty for its own sake? Is our demand that music shall yield some inner purport one of the forms of that questioning spirit which expelled the Rhæcus from the tree and the Dryad from the stream? Or can it be that in the course of a century, the music-sense, sharing the growing complexity of things, has become more exigent in its satisfactions?

There is a temptation to a misleading muster of plausibilities. A lover of subtlety might relate the search for meaning in music to the transient restlessness of a critical age, just as the resolute optimist might argue that a clear unwavering belief in the self sufficiency of empty sounds, drawn from soulless string and brass, will return when man has better succeeded in explaining his relation to the universe, and is under no temptation to bring art from the heights of the Ideal by reading into it the perplexities of the Real. But let us not needlessly strain the Zeitgeist into schemes of explanation. It has to be admitted that a high order of musical perception often co-exists with the most tranquil faith that the time is not, and never can be, out of joint. Practice in the use of creed and art solvents is not needed for the grasping of Wagner's poetic intention. And though the clash of modern life has doubtless increased our sensitiveness to sounds by evolving a generally higher strung condition of

nerve, it cannot be pleaded that a new musical environment appreciably affects the possibilities of the music sense. Heredity is as little valueless for counsel, because a perception—though necessarily something short of the fullest perception—of musical complexity in its modern significance, exists in individuals whose transmitted qualities have been influenced by nothing more manifold than a national melody or psalm tune. Nineteenth century complexity does not imply a corresponding advance upon eighteenth century physiology. We thrill to other sounds than did our ancestors, because new ways of stimulating the nerves have been developed within the limits of the art itself.

To understand the modern tendency to discover in music definite emotions, we need not go to a time when it was supposed to have caught the echo of political and literary revolutions; we need not even argue a growth in the capacity of the nerve centres. We have to go to the art itself, which has flourished mainly in altitudes beyond the influences that play upon literature and life. If our senses are discontented to-day with unevolved musical forms, it is not the action and interaction of general social forces, but music's self that has made them so. If for the highest enjoyment we seek in music a language of the emotions where the Esterhazys were satisfied to have a guileless sonorous charm, it is because during the past century a line of great musicians—among whom even Haydn is not to be denied a place—have given us a product more expressive than counterpoint, more vital than a scientifically spun web of notes. A Haydn symphony now seems a soothing after-dinner offering to a comfortable, pleasure-loving, best of all possible worlds, because Wagner, among others, has learned how to quicken the pulse, to give a shaping power to the imagination, to cast light on some tragedy of the emotions, or irradiate profound movements of the human mind. A larger voice has been found for the new time, and our ears, in becoming attuned to it, have grown impatient of thinner vibrations. Ask the wherefore of the change a century has wrought—music's self must answer.

T. C. M.

Familiar Better.

NO. VI.—ON SOME SEA-SIDE MUSIC.

YOU say you are pining for music in the out-of-the-way corner of the world in which you are spending your holiday, and that you are eager for some other excitement than the exasperation of casual bagpipes. A man may well be hungry when he has for subsistence an occasional sip of vinegar only, but while you are pining for music, I am dying of it. Amid some of your mountain silences you may picture me, if you will, as Hogarth's enraged musician, tearing a passion and his wig to tatters over the callous mob of instrumentalists who besiege him. The town of Jutby-super-Mare is, as you probably know, a fashionable watering-place, and an otherwise delightful town, with fine scenery inland, long yellow bays, broken with rocks that run out to sheltering reefs, a sea so blue and clear that, like Alfred the Great, I divide my daily dip into three portions, a host of interesting people if one needs society—in short, all the blessings of recreative civilization except silence. I have a suspicion that a bird's-eye view of my native land a month or two back would have revealed a movement with the orderliness of a well-organized conspiracy in process of development amongst its strolling musicians. Then might have been seen converging lines of harpists, fiddlers, street singers, Christy minstrels, German bands, cornet players, pipers, street-pianists, harmonium players, concertina squeezers, organ-grinders, flutists, penny whistlers, and the vast tonic tribes, not excepting those individuals who combine in their sole persons a portable orchestra, who blow with their mouths, beat drums with their elbows, clash cymbals with their feet, jangle bells

with their heads, and—to quote Browning, “help hate so many ways.” To an interrogator who should have accosted them with the Carlylean inquiry—“O Heaven, whither?” there could but have come the universal answer—“We go up against Jutby-super-Mare to subdue it, and render the fate of Jericho enviable.” As if this were not enough, the boarding-schools of half the kingdom have emptied into it a horde of maidens, to scamper over dilapidated keys with unwrapped knuckles, and take their revenge for past tyrannies in the massacre of all the known composers. Playing appears to resolve itself with them into a species of “Hit him again; he has no friend!” Has Beethoven been an unmitigated bore, and Mozart a chronic worry for months past? Never mind; now we have them alone by the sea-side, and can take our will of them—arpeggios lumped, pianissimos thumped, legatos stumped, difficulties jumped, the whole derisively inverted in a wild hammer, hammer, hammer by the hard highway. I am scarcely consoled by an important discovery which I have made. You have probably been puzzled yourself by the problem—“What becomes of good pianos when they die?” Like many animals the corpses seem to disappear by magic, but I have at last succeeded in tracking them. Just as good Americans, when they die, go to Paris, so, good pianos, when they die, get by some mysterious route to Jutby-super-Mare. The number of “grands” here, with just sufficient tone left to make a respectable side-board or answer to a buffet, is really prodigious. Great Broadwoods, dead and long unused to play, may fill a room and hold the dinner-tray.

You know that I am not given to greet the sun upon the upland lawn. I and Mr Gilbert Sullivan only compose well at night, and we take it out the next morning. That is, of course, when we can, for at Jutby-super-Mare it is impossible. The Germans are an enterprising race, apart from their recent colonial aspirations. At Jutby-super-Mare “the festive native homeward creeping finds the early German up” in large numbers under my window. They are smaller in stature than their instruments, but what they lack in length they supply in lung. I am no doubt a distinguished guest in this town, but I could wish that they did not select me as their first auditor when their melodies have all the freshness and force of early inspiration. Weary with the night’s work which pursues me even to the sea, I find my balmy slumbers are suddenly broken by hideous dreams. It is the day of judgment, and the last trump in some strange manner has in it phrases distinctly suggestive of “The Watch on the Rhine;” I am being trampled under foot by armed hosts who shout as they march “The Watch on the Rhine;” I am sinking swiftly into a murky abyss, which resolves itself into an infinite trombone, roaring forth a stupendous “Watch on the Rhine.” I shriek and awake. Trump, trampling, and trombone have vanished, but, persistent, blatant, discordant ever, I hear “The Watch on the Rhine,” and resign myself to Fate. I have watched upon the Rhine so often during the past week that the “heilige ströme” and “das ganze Vaterland, das fromme, treue Vaterland” have become insufferable to me. Twice have I shuffled on my mortal coil, and assured them in excellent German that I in the Rhine no mortal interest whatever had, and that I should esteem it a favour if they would watch it round the corner, or, better still, round two or three corners. But they only smiled patriotically, repeated the last verse with extempore variations on the serpent, and came again the next morning. This is, however, only the first of many bands; everywhere these iniquitous and ubiquitous Germans! There is the band on the sand and the band on the pier, the band that courts the areas and the band that woos the balconies, the band that boasts its music stands and the band that scorns notation and plays by ear. Does Bismark support them, or do we? If so, why? Calculate the amount of money squandered annually in German bands, and think

how much better employed it would be in maintaining some native musician—myself for instance.

But, after all, the bands are a massive infliction more endurable than some of the minor irritations which are of hourly occurrence. For instance, there is an instrument which I have vainly endeavoured to purchase as a house-defence. No mortal can hear it long and live. Once it was a barrel organ, but it has long since been reduced to a wreck—mere unremunerative flotsam upon the ebb and flow of sea-side sound-producing vagrancy. I never see the same man with it twice—only immigrant beggars utterly strange to the town, and of the most lapsed kind, can be induced by its proprietor to take it out for an occasional grind. They speedily discover that it does not pay; it is too well known, too far gone, too altogether execrable. Behind its cracked glass face is visible the commencement of a panorama, but the last man who could boast of having witnessed its continuation has long since been laid with his fathers. Its musical faculties have been tinkered up and altered at various times, but to small purpose; the thing is bewitched. Apart from its asthmatic tone, its wheezes, and gasps, and spasms, it has, in some inscrutable way, lost its grip of things. It drops notes and phrases, will even leap from the middle of one tune to the beginning of another, maundering along in senile confusion. It begins with briskness, “Tommy, make room for your uncle,” and adds pensively with a nervous wheeze, “Said the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah;” then oppressed with a sense of undue secularity, it promptly asserts that there is a happy land far, far away, where skilled musicians are at a discount. Its late lessee—an old Punch-and-Judy man who has sunk in the social scale by being unduly addicted to the pleasures of the table—after having in a moment of exaltation sought concealment behind it while he worked imaginary puppets above, was found just above high-water mark with the instrument upon the top of him, serenely grinding the handle the wrong way. The effect was strikingly original. Amongst other instruments of this class is one which might have served as the origin of the story of the organ which, according to the old chronicler, had a place in the procession when Philip II. visited Charles V. in Brussels in 1549. Twenty cats were enclosed in twenty narrow boxes with their tails so attached to the notes of a clavier, that depression was followed by a sudden and vigorous tension of the corresponding tail. Naturally the corresponding cat uttered a lamentable yell, and by a judicious selection of cats something like a scale was secured.* Whether the story be true or not, the instrument I refer to is certainly its lineal descendant. On the esplanade in unflinching competition with the sea’s diapason rises this lugubrious strain, this irrepressible “miaulement”—an unconscious satire of wide enough application. Marsyas was flayed for less.

A DISTRACTED MUSICIAN.

Pictureque Music.

THE two sketches which appear under this heading in our Music Supplement page will afford some entertainment to the musician, especially if he has given any heed to the anomalies of notation, while the remarkable cleverness with which the story is conveyed in the musical symbols, cannot fail to interest even those who do not know a note of music. The sketches are from the pen of the well-known French caricaturist, M. Grandville, and are here reproduced from the pages of the *Gartenlaube*. It is safe to say that the song of the gondolier has never before been set forth with such meaning. If our com-

*The editor thinks it right to add that no humane person will attempt to repeat the performance unless the offensive and defensive portion of the cat be first suitably enclosed.

posers could employ this graphic mode of representation how much trouble the critics would be saved! How many pages of a scena would, for example, be required to describe the parting of the fishermen with their wives, which is here expressed in the first bar. Then there is the putting forth to sea, the rising of the gale, the furling of the sails, the pitching of the boat in the trough of the waves, and the dramatic climax—man overboard! Here we have material for an overture and two acts. The pause that follows is a resting-place for the mind preparatory to further thrilling episodes—the sounding of the horn or alarm signal, arms upraised in supplication, capped by the tragedy of total shipwreck, and six men immersed in the sea. We are permitted to believe, however, that no lives are lost, and that the boats return on tranquil waters to the haven where wife and child are ready to greet the fishermen. The variety of emotion expressed in the movement of the figures in the Rondo is, in its way, as remarkable as the condensed interest of the barcarole. The sketches are, in fact, unique in conception, and in the spirit and cleverness with which the ideas are wrought out.

The End of a Musician in Paris.

By RICHARD WAGNER.

WE have just buried him. It was cold and cloudy weather, and there were but few of us. The Englishman was there; he is going to erect a monument to him; it would be better if he paid his debts.

It was a dreary business. The first biting air of winter checked one’s breath; no one could speak, and the funeral sermon was dispensed with.

Yet nevertheless you must know that he whom we buried was a good man and an honest German musician. He had a soft heart, and always wept when they whipped the wretched horses in the Paris streets. He was of gentle nature, and never went into a rage when the *gamins* pushed him off the narrow sidewalk. But unhappily he had a tender artist’s conscience, was ambitious, and without a talent for intrigue; and he had once in his youth seen Beethoven, which had so turned his head that he could never truly find his bearings in Paris.

It was a good deal more than a year ago that I saw a large and remarkably beautiful Newfoundland dog bathing in the fountain basin of the Palais Royal. Lover of dogs as I am, I stood and watched the beautiful animal, which at last left the basin, and followed the call of a man who at first attracted my attention only as the owner of the dog. The man was by no means so beautiful to look upon as his dog. He was clean, but dressed according to Heaven knows what provincial fashion. Yet his features impressed me; I soon remembered that I had known them before;—my interest in the dog vanished—I rushed into the arms of my old friend R—.

We were happy over our reunion; he was fairly overcome by emotion. I took him to the Café de la Rotonde; I drank tea with rum; he, coffee—with tears.

“But what in the world,” I began at last, “brings you to Paris? You, the insignificant musician from your fifth storey in the side street of a provincial town?”

“My friend,” said he, “call it the preternatural curiosity to see how people lived au sixième in Paris; or the human curiosity to discover whether I might not get down to the deuxième or even to the premier—I am not very clear about it myself. Before all things, however, I could not help tearing myself away from the misery of the German provinces; and without tasting the unquestionably greater comfort of the German capitals, rushing into the very capital of the world,—where the art

of all nations comes to a focus, where the artists of all nations find recognition,—where I also hope to see satisfied that little portion of ambition that Heaven—doubtless by mistake—has put into my heart."

"Your ambition is natural," said I, "and I can pardon it, even though it surprises me a little, in you particularly. But let us see with what means you propose to nourish your ambitious efforts. How much money do you make a year? Don't be alarmed! I know you were a poor devil, and that there's no question of *rentes* in this case—that's a matter of course. Still, I must assume that you must have either won money in a lottery, or that you enjoy the protection of a rich patron or relative to such an extent as to provide you with a passable annual income for at least ten years."

"That's the way you ridiculous people look at things," said my friend with a good-natured smile, after he had recovered from his first alarm. "Such prosaic adjuncts appear to you at once as the chief things concerned. Nothing of all these, my dearest friend! I am poor; in a few weeks I shall even be without a sou; but what of that? I have been assured that I have talent. Have I then chosen Tunis to use it in? No: I have to come to Paris! Here I shall see if they deceived me when they attributed talent to me—or if I really have it. In the first case, I shall be quickly and willingly undeceived, and shall go quietly home again to my little room, with a clear understanding of myself. In the second case, I shall find my talent paid for quicker and better in Paris than anywhere else in the world.—Ah, don't smile;—try rather to bring up some worthy argument against me."

"My dear fellow," I said, "I smile no longer; for at this moment a certain sorrowful feeling thrills through me, that gives me a deep anxiety for you and your magnificent dog. I know that even if you are economical, your excellent animal will still consume a good deal. Are you going to feed yourself and him with your talent?—That is praiseworthy, for self-preservation is the first duty, but humanity towards animals a second and more beautiful one.—But tell me, how are you going to bring your talent into play? What are your plans? Tell me them."

"It's a good thing that you ask me about plans," was the answer; "you shall hear a good quantity of them, for you must know that I am especially rich in plans. First, I am thinking of an opera; I am provided with completed works, with half-finished ones, and with a large number of schemes of all kinds—for the grand opera and the comic.—Don't answer!—I am prepared to find that this will not be a matter to be arranged all at once, and so I count it only as the basis of my efforts. But even if I can't hope to see an opera of mine produced immediately, at least I can count upon being speedily informed whether the management will accept my compositions or not.—My friend, you are smiling again—but say nothing! I know what objection you mean to make, and I will at once reply to it. I am convinced that in this respect, too, I shall have to contend with all sorts of obstacles. But in what will these consist? Assuredly in nothing but competition. The greatest talent of the world assembles here, and offers its productions; the management are therefore bound to make a severe trial of what is submitted; the path must be forever closed to bunglers; only works of special distinction must enjoy the honour of selection.—Good!—I have prepared myself for this examination, and desire no distinction without deserving it. What should I have to fear beside this competition? Shall I believe that here also the customary servile tricks are in vogue? Here, in Paris, the capital of free France, where there is a press that exposes every abuse and corruption and makes it impossible!—where it is possible for merit alone to gain applause from the great public that cannot be bribed?"

"The public?" interrupted I;—"you are right there. I believe too that with your talent you might count upon success as soon as you had to

deal with the public only. But you are sadly in error, my poor friend, as to the ease of the means for getting before it! It is not the competition of talent, among which you will have to fight, but the competition of reputations and personal interests. If you are certain of a decided and influential protection, venture upon the conflict; but without this and without money—stand off, for you must fail without even having gained consideration. There will be no question of estimating your talents or your labour (even that would be a favour without precedent);—but there will only be taken into consideration what name you bear. Since there's no reputation attaching to this name, and it is not to be found on any list of *rentiers*, you and your talent remain unnoticed."

But my reply failed to produce the intended result upon my enthusiastic friend. He was out of humour, but he put no faith in what I said. I went on and asked him what he could think of to do so that he might make a little reputation in some other way, that could be of assistance to him in afterward undertaking, with more prospect of success, the execution of the decisive plan he had communicated to me?

This suggestion seemed to drive away his ill-humour. "Listen," he said. "You know I have always had a great partiality for instrumental music. Here in Paris, where a kind of cultus of Beethoven seems to be established, I can certainly hope that his countryman and most ardent admirer will have no difficulty in gaining a hearing, when he endeavours to bring before the public his own attempts to approach the unattainable model—be these attempts ever so feeble."

"Permit me to interrupt you there," said I; "Beethoven is fairly deified—so far you are right. But remember that it is his name, his reputation that is worshipped. That name, placed before any work that is worthy of the great master, is sufficient to make people see the beauties of it at once. But put any other name before the same composition, and it wouldn't induce even the management of a concert-room to notice even the most brilliant part of it."

"This is false!" exclaimed my friend rather angrily. "It is plain that you mean to systematically discourage me and frighten me away from the path to fame. But you shall not succeed!"

"I know you, and can pardon you," I returned. "But I must add, that in pursuing this latter plan also, you will encounter precisely the same difficulties that are always in the way of an artist without a reputation—be his talents what they may—here where people have far too little time to trouble themselves about hidden treasures. Both plans must be regarded as means for strengthening and taking advantage of a reputation that is already made—but not in the least as methods of obtaining one. Your efforts for the production of your instrumental compositions will either be altogether neglected, or, if your works are conceived in that bold and original fashion that you admire in Beethoven, they will be considered bombastic and heavy, and sent back to you with this opinion."

"But," interrupted my friend, "how if I have already provided against such a judgment? What if, foreseeing this, I have composed works which, for the very purpose of producing them before a merely superficial audience, I have arranged in that favourite modern fashion which, it is true, I detest from the bottom of my heart, but which even the greatest artists have not shrunk from using as a first means of attracting?"

"Then people will tell you that your work is too light and shallow to catch the public ear, between the works of Beethoven and Musard!"

"Oh my dear fellow," cried my dear friend—"now I see clearly you are only chaffing me! You are and always will be a droll *farceur*!"

And my friend stamped his foot laughingly, and brought it down so hard on his dog's beautiful paw, that the latter howled aloud; but a moment after,

licking his master's hand, seemed to beseech him no longer to take my objections in jest.

"You see," said I, "that it isn't always a good thing to take earnest for jest. But apart from this, pray tell me what other plans could induce you to exchange your modest home for vast Paris. Tell me in what other way,—if you should for my sake abandon the two schemes already mentioned,—you would propose to try making the necessary reputation for yourself?"

"Merely out of spite toward your extraordinary spirit of contradiction," said he in reply, "I will go on in the enumeration of my plans. I know that nothing is more affected nowadays in Paris salons, than those spirited and sympathetic romances and ballads that are precisely to the taste of the French people, and that have been transplanted hither from our own home. Think of Franz Schubert's songs and the reputation they have here! This is a kind of composition that thoroughly suits my fancy, and I feel that I am capable of doing something really meritorious in it. I will bring my songs before the public, and perhaps I shall have the luck that so many others have had—to attract the attention of one of the directors of the opera here, by such unassuming compositions, to such a degree that he will honour me by an order for an opera."

The dog gave another loud yelp; but this time it was I who, in a convulsion of laughter, had trod upon the excellent beast's paw.

"What"—I shouted—"is it possible that you seriously hold such mad notions? What in all the world can justify you—"

"Good God"—interrupted the enthusiast—"haven't such cases happened often enough before? Shall I show you the papers in which I have repeatedly read how such and such a director was so carried away by hearing a *romanza*—how such and such a famous poet was so attracted by the hitherto unrecognized talent of a composer, that both instantly united in declaring—the one that he would forthwith furnish him a libretto—the other that he would produce the opera that should be thus ordered?"

"Oh," said I, all at once filled with sorrow, "is that the way things stand? Newspaper notices have turned your honest, childlike brain? Dear friend, if you would only read a third, and only believe a quarter, of everything that comes to you through that channel! Our directors have much else to do beside listening to the singing of *romanzas*, and going into enthusiasm over them! And even granting that this could be a possible means of getting a reputation, by whom would you have your *romanzas* sung?"

"By whom but by the same famous singers and prime donne who so often, with the kindest readiness, undertake the task of bringing for the first time favourably before the public the productions of unknown or repressed talent? Or perhaps I have been deceived in this too by false newspaper notices?"

"My friend," I replied, "God knows how far I am from denying that noble hearts of this sort beat below the throats of our famous singers and songstresses. But to attain the honour of such protection, some other requisites are necessary; you can easily imagine what a competition there must be in this also; and that it requires a decidedly influential introduction to make it clear to the noble hearts aforesaid that one really is an unrecognized genius.—My poor friend, have you any other plans?"

At this he was fairly beside himself. He turned sharply and angrily away—though not without some consideration for his dog.

"And if I had plans as numerous as the sands of the sea," he cried, "you should not hear another one! Go! You are my enemy! Inexorable!—but you shall not triumph! Tell me—I will ask you only one thing more—tell me, unhappy man! how have the innumerable people made their beginning who have become first well known in Paris, and then famous?"

"Ask them"—I answered, my coolness somewhat disturbed; "perhaps you can find out. For me—I do not know!"

"Here, here!" called the deluded man excitedly to his magnificent dog. "You are no longer a friend of mine," said he, turning hastily to me. "But your cold scorn shall not see me blench! In one year you shall either be able to learn from every street gamin where my house is, or you shall receive directions where to come—to see me die! Farewell!"

"He whistled shrilly to his dog—a discord—and he and his companion were gone like lightning. I could not overtake them.

FOR the next few days,—in which all my efforts to find out the lodging of my friend proved in vain,—I could not help feeling keenly how wrong I had been not to have more consideration for the characteristics of so deep and enthusiastic a spirit, than I had shown in my harsh and perhaps exaggerated replies to such innocently told plans. In my creditable purpose of frightening him as much as possible from his intentions,—because I did not believe him to be the man, either in his outward situation or inward character, to follow out such a complicated path to his ambitions as that which formed the object of his plans,—in this creditable purpose of mine, I say, I had not remembered that I was not dealing with an easily convinced, yielding being, but with a man whose inmost belief in the divine and indisputable truth of his art had reached such a point of fanaticism, that it had imparted an inexorable and obstinate cast to his otherwise mild and gentle nature.

Undoubtedly—I thought to myself—he is at this moment wandering through the Paris streets, with the firm conviction that he need only come to a decision as to which of his plans he shall first adopt,—in order to shine at once upon that theatre-placard which represents to a certain extent the end of the perspective of his schemes. Undoubtedly he is at this moment giving some old beggar a sou, with perfect confidence that in a few months he can hand him a napoleon.

The longer our separation lasted,—the vainer were my efforts to discover my friend,—the more (for I confess my weakness) the confidence he had expressed gained upon me; until I allowed myself to be so far led astray by it as to now and then cast a glance at this or that placard of a musical performance, to see if I could not discover in some corner the name of my credulous enthusiast. And the more this exploration proved in vain, so much the more did an increasing faith—strange to say—become associated with my friendly sympathy,—a faith that after all it was not impossible that my friend might succeed;—that perhaps even now, while I am anxiously seeking him, his peculiar talent had been already discovered and recognized by some important personage;—that perhaps one of those very commissions had already been given to him, the successful execution of which would bring to him happiness, fame—and Heaven knows what besides. Why not? Does not every deeply enthusiastic soul pursue a star? And may not his be a lucky star? May not miracles happen, to reveal the richness of a hidden treasure!

The very fact that I nowhere saw a romance, an overture, or anything of that nature advertised under my friend's name, led me to believe that he had tried his most ambitious plan first, and with success; and that, despising the narrower ways to public recognition, he was now fully occupied in the composition of an opera of at least five acts. It is true, it struck me that I never found him at any of the centres of artistic activity, or met anybody that knew anything of him; but at the same time, as I frequented these sanctuaries but little myself, I decided that it was only I that was so unfortunate as not to penetrate into those regions where his fame was already shining in brilliant beams.

It may be imagined, however, that it took a long

time to change what was at first only pitying sympathy for my friend, into a full confidence in his happy star. I only reached this point after passing through all the various phases of fear, doubt, and hope. It took a long time; and for this reason it was, that almost a year had passed, since the day when I had met in the Palais Royal a beautiful dog and an enthusiastic friend. During this time wonderfully successful speculations had brought me to such a point of good fortune, that, like Polycrates, I feared I should shortly meet with some considerable piece of ill-luck. I thought, in fact, that I could already foresee this ill-fortune distinctly; and it was in rather a gloomy mood that I one day started out, as my custom was, for a walk in the Champs Elysées.

It was autumn; the faded leaves were falling from the trees, and the sky hung gray, as with age, above the various Elysian splendours. But not the less did Punchinello continue to renew his time-honoured furies of rage; in his blind wrath the rash being continued to set at naught the principles of human justice, until at last the demoniac principle so strikingly represented by the chained cat, overcomes with superhuman claws the audacious defiance of the presumptuous mortal.

Suddenly I heard close by me, but a short distance from the modest theatre of Punchinello's cruel deeds, the following strangely accented soliloquy in German:

"Capital! Capital! Where in the world have I let myself be led to look for what I might have found so near at home! What! Shall I despise this stage, on which the most striking political and poetic truths are so clearly and intelligibly set forth—presented with such sensible taste to the most receptive and least assuming of audiences? Isn't this rash being Don Juan? Isn't this horribly beautiful white cat the Commendatore on horseback as he lived and looked? How the artistic meaning of this drama will be heightened and made clear when my music contributes its part to it! What sonorous voices those actors have! And the cat—ah! the cat! What undiscovered fascinations lie hidden in her beauteous throat! Now she utters no sound;—now she is utterly and entirely demoniac; but what an expression she will make when she sings the *fortitude* that I will compose exclusively for her! What an exquisite *portamento* she will bring to the execution of that preternatural chromatic scale! With what terrible fascination she will smile when she sings the passage that is destined to be so famous in the future—'O Punchinello, thou art lost.'—What a scheme! And what an opportunity Punchinello's continual beatings will give me to bring the *tam-tam* into play! Why do I hesitate! I must get the director's favour at once. Here I can proceed directly—there's no antechamber here! With a single step I am in the very sanctuary—before the man whose divinely prescient eye will recognize genius in me. Or—what if I should meet with rivalry? What if the cat—quick, before it is too late!"

With these words the soliloquizer would have rushed upon the Punch-and-Judy booth. But I had quickly recognized my friend, and decided to prevent a scandal. I seized him, and, embracing him, turned him with his face toward me.

"Who is it?" he cried out angrily. But in a moment he recognized me, quickly drew away from me, and added coldly—"I might have known that you would hold me back from this step also—the last that I can take to save myself. Let me go, or I may be too late!"

Again I seized him; but though I this time succeeded in restraining him from advancing toward the theatre, I could not move him from the spot where he stood. I gained time, however, to look at him more thoroughly.

Good God! In what a state did I find him! I do not speak of his dress, but of his features;—the former was poor and neglected, but the latter were terrible. His frank and hearty courage had disappeared. His eyes wandered in a lifeless, rigid way;

his blanched and sunken cheeks told not of trouble only—the dark spots upon them told also of the pangs—of hunger!

As I looked at him with the bitterest feelings of anguish, he too seemed touched, for he tried less forcibly to tear himself away.

"How are you, dear R—?" I asked, in a broken voice. Smiling sadly, I added, "Where is that noble dog of yours?"

He looked up gloomily. "Stolen!" was his abrupt answer.

"Not sold?" I asked.

"Wretch!" cried he fiercely, "are you too like the Englishman?"

I did not understand what he was talking about. "Come," said I in a shaken voice,—"Come! Take me to your lodging; I have a great deal to talk over with you."

"You will soon find out my lodgings without my help," said he. "The year is not gone yet! At this moment I am on the road to recognition—to fortune. But leave me!—You have no faith in it! Why should one preach to the deaf? You must needs see to believe. Good! Very soon you shall see! But let me go, if you would not have me hold you my sworn enemy."

I held his hands tighter. "Where is your lodging?" I asked. "Come—lead me there. We will have a friendly, hearty talk—if it must be—over your schemes."

"You shall know them as soon as they are carried out," said he. "Quadrilles—galops—those are my forte! You shall see and hear! Do you see that cat? She shall help me to some valuable copyright! See how smooth she is—how prettily she licks her lips! Think how it will be when the most spirited chromatics, accompanied by the most delicate groans and sobs in the world, issue from that mouth! Think of that, my good fellow! Oh, you have no fancy—you! Let me go—let me go! You have no imagination!"

I held him fast again and most urgently renewed my request that he would take me to his house; but without effect. His eyes were fixed with an excited glare upon the cat.

"How everything depends on her!" said he:—"Fortune, honour, fame lie in her soft paws. Heaven direct her heart, and grant me her favour! She looks kindly at me; yes, that is the feline character. She is kind—courteous—immeasurably courteous! But she is a cat—a perjured, faithless cat! Wait—I can compel thee—I have a noble dog—he'll inspire respect in thee. Victory! I have won! Where is my dog?"

In his delirious excitement he had shouted these last words in a shrill shriek. He looked hurriedly about, seeming to seek his dog. His searching glance fell upon the broad roadway. Just then there rode past, on a beautiful horse, a man of elegant appearance—an Englishman, to judge by his physiognomy and the peculiar cut of his clothes; beside him ran a large and beautiful Newfoundland dog, barking gaily.

"Ha! My presentiment—" shrieked my friend furiously at the sight:—"Curse him! My dog! My dog!"

All my strength was vain against the overwhelming force with which the unhappy man tore himself away like lightning. He shot like an arrow after the horseman, who at this moment chanced to spur his horse into a full gallop which the dog accompanied with merry gambols. I ran after him in vain. What exertion can equal the effort of a madman?—I saw the horseman and the dog, with my friend, turn into a side street leading to the Faubourg du Roule; but when I reached the street all were out of sight.

Let it suffice to say that all my efforts to discover a trace of the lost ones were utterly in vain.

Greatly shaken, and myself excited almost to madness, I was at length forced to give up my search. But it will be readily conceived that I did not on that account cease to make daily efforts to find some guide which could lead me to the dwell-

ing of my unhappy friend. I inquired in every place that had any connection whatever with music—but nowhere could I find the slightest information. Only in the sacred ante-chamber of the opera, some of the lowest of the officials remembered a melancholy, wretched being, who had often been there and waited for an audience;—but of whose name and residence, of course, no one knew anything. Every other means—even that of the police—led to just as little trustworthy traces; even these guardians of the public safety did not seem to have thought it necessary to trouble themselves about the unfortunate man.

I fell into despair: when one day, about two months after the occurrence in the Champs Elysées, a letter was handed to me in an indirect way, through one of my acquaintances. I opened it with a feeling of coming trouble, and read these brief words:—

"My dear friend, come—to see me die."

The address given indicated a narrow alley on Montmartre.

I could not weep—I hastened to Montmartre. Following the address I reached one of those wretched and miserable houses that are to be found in the side streets of this quarter of the city. In spite of its squalid exterior this building did not fail to rise to a fifth storey; my friend seemed to have regarded this circumstance with pleasure; and I was also compelled to mount by the same dizzy path. But it was worth the trouble; for on asking after my friend I was directed to a room in the rear. On this side of the house, it is true, one was denied the out-look into the giant street (some four feet wide); but was rewarded for this by a far more beautiful prospect of all Paris.

I found my unhappy enthusiast sitting up in his sick-bed, enjoying this glorious view. His face and his whole body were far more meagre and haggard than on that day in the Champs Elysées; yet his expression was more satisfactory than at that time. The frightened, wild, almost maddened look, the terrible brightness of his eyes, had disappeared; his eyes were dim and almost lustreless; the ghastly dark spots upon his cheeks seemed to have changed into a general wasting away.

Trembling, but with a quiet expression, he extended his hand to me with the words:—"Pardon me, dear friend; and thank you for coming."

The singularly gentle and sonorous tone in which he spoke these few words, made a deeply affecting impression upon me—as indeed his very look had already done. I pressed his hand; but I wept and could not speak.

"I think," continued my friend after a moment of emotion, "it must be a good deal more than a year since we met in that bright Palais Royal;—I haven't entirely kept my word; it was impossible, with my best efforts, to become famous within a year; and on the other hand it is not my fault that I could not write to you punctually at the termination of the year whither you should come to see me die; in spite of all my pains I had not got so far.—Do not weep, my friend; there was a time when I had to beg you not to laugh."

I would have spoken, but speech failed me. "Let me go on," said the dying man. "It is easy for me, and I owe you an account of many things. I am certain that I shall not be alive to-morrow; so hear my history to-day. It is a simple one, my friend; very simple. There are no extraordinary complications in it; no surprising chances of fortune; no interesting details. Don't be afraid that your patience shall be exhausted by the ease of speech that is now vouchsafed to me and that might perhaps tempt me into garrulity—for there have been days, mein Lieber, when I could not utter a single syllable. Listen! When I think of it, and consider the circumstances in which you now find me, I feel it unnecessary to assure you that my fate has not been a brilliant one. Indeed I hardly need to tell you the details of those events among which my enthusiastic credulity met its ruin. Let it suffice to say that it was not upon the rocks that I was

shattered. Ah, the shipwrecked man is very happy who goes down in a storm! No, they were bogs and sloughs in which I sank! Such a slough, mein Theuerer, surrounds all those proud and shining temples of art towards which we poor fools make our pilgrimages, with an enthusiasm as though the very salvation of our souls was to be gained within them. Happy is the trifler! With a single successful *entrechat* he is in a position to dash past the slough at once. Happy the rich man! His well-trained steed needs but one touch of the golden spurs to bear him quickly over. But woe to the enthusiast who, believing the morass to be but a flowery meadow, sinks into it beyond the power of saving, and becomes the food of frogs and toads! See, my friend, these vile vermin have fed on me; there is not left in me one drop of blood! Shall I tell you how it happened? Why?—You see me succumb; let it suffice me to say that I was not conquered on the field of battle—but—how vile it is to tell!—I died of hunger in the antechamber! They are terrible—these antechambers:—and do you know, there are many of them—very many of them, in Paris—with benches of velvet as well as of wood, heated and unheated, paved and unpaved!"

"In these antechambers," continued my friend, "I have dreamed away a bright year of my life. I dreamed much and strangely;—wild, fabulous things out of the Arabian Nights—of men and cattle, gold and dross. I dreamed of gods and contrabassi, of diamond snuff-boxes and prime donne, of satin coats and admiring lords, of songstresses and five-franc pieces. Between my dreams it often seemed to me as though I heard the complaining, ghostly tones of the hautbois; the sound stirred through all my nerves and penetrated my heart. One day when I dreamed most wildly, and this hautbois tone thrilled through me most painfully, I suddenly awoke and found that I was mad. I remember, at least, that I forgot what I had so often done,—to make a deep reverence to the servant as I left the antechamber,—the reason, by-the-by, that I never dared to go back to that one,—for how would the servant have received me?"

"So I left the asylum of my dreams with an uncertain step; on the threshold of the building I suddenly fell. I had fallen over my poor dog, who made his antechamber in the street according to his custom, and waited for his fortunate master, to whom it was permitted to have his antechamber among human beings. This dog, I must tell you, was of the greatest service to me, for I had to thank him and his beauty that the servant at the antechambers now and then cast a glance of consideration upon me. Unfortunately he lost his beauty with every day, for hunger raged in his vitals as well. This gave me great anxiety, for I saw that it would soon be all over with the servant's favour; already a scornful smile played about his lips.—As I said, I fell over my dog. I do not know how long I lay there; I did not notice the kicks that I perhaps received from the passers-by; but at last the gentlest kisses awakened me—the warm tongue of the poor animal. I rose; and in a lucid moment I saw what was the most important duty before me—the feeding of my dog. A discriminating old-clothes merchant gave me a few sous for my wretched waistcoat. My dog was fed, and what he left—I ate. This agreed thoroughly with him, but I could no longer digest. The revenue derived from one of my treasures, an old ring of my grandmother's, was sufficient to give the dog all his lost beauty back again. He flourished again—destructive prosperity!"

In my own brain it grew worse and worse;—I hardly know what went on there, but I remember that one day I was seized with an irresistible desire to discover the devil. My dog accompanied me, bright with beauty, to the doors of the concert Musard. Did I hope to meet the devil there? I hardly know. I watched the people going in—and whom should I see among them? The vile Englishman,—the same, just as he used to look, quite un-

changed,—just as he was when he so nearly ruined me with Beethoven, as I have told you.

"I was horrified; I was prepared, it is true, to meet a spirit of the under-world—but not to see this earthly spectre. What were my feelings when the wretch at once recognized me! I could not avoid him, the crowd pressed us together. Involuntarily and in decided opposition to the custom of his own country, he was forced to sink into the arms that I had raised to force my way through the press. There he lay, pressed fast to my breast, that thrilled with a thousand horrible emotions. It was a fearful moment! But we were soon more at liberty, and he freed himself from my embrace with a certain disgust. I would have fled, but it was impossible.

"Welcome, mein Herr!" said the Briton; "It is charming to find you always in the path of art! Let us go this time to Musard."

"Furious with rage, I could say nothing in reply but 'To the Devil!'"

"Yes," he replied, "they say it is rather devilish there. I made a composition last Sunday that I want to present to Musard. Do you know him? Will you introduce me to him?"

"My detestation of this spectre changed into a terrible anxiety; urged on by this, I succeeded in escaping and fled to the boulevard; my noble dog sprang barking after.

"In an instant the Englishman was again at my side; he arrested me, and said excitedly, 'Sir, does that splendid dog belong to you?'"

"Yes."

"Ah—but he is a fine one! Sir, I will give you fifty guineas for that dog. You know it's the proper thing for a gentleman to have a dog of that sort, and I have already had a good many in my possession. But, unhappily, the beasts were all unmusical; they could not endure to have me play the flute or the horn, and so they all ran away. But now I must assume that since you are so fortunate as to be a musician, your dog must be musical also.

"I venture to hope, therefore, that he will stay with me, too. So I offer you fifty guineas for the beast."

"Wretch," I cried, "my friend is not for sale for all Britain!"

"With this I ran hurriedly away, my dog before me. I turned into the side streets leading to the place where I generally passed the night. It was bright moonlight; now and then I looked fearfully around; to my horror I fancied that I saw the lank figure of the Englishman following me. I redoubled my speed, and looked around still more anxiously; sometimes I saw the spectre—sometimes not. Panting, I reached my asylum, gave my dog his food, and stretched myself hungry upon my hard bed.

"I slept long, and had frightful dreams. When I awoke—my noble dog was gone. How he got away from me, or how he was seduced away through the door—albeit this was but badly locked—is still incomprehensible to me. I called, searched for him, until I sank down with a groan.

"You remember that I saw the villain again one day in the Champs Elysées,—you know what exertions I made to regain possession of him; but you do not know that the animal knew me, but fled from me and from my call like a wild beast of the wilderness! Yet I followed him and the satanic rider till the later rode into a gateway which shut clanging behind him and the dog. In my rage I thundered at the gate; a furious barking was the answer. Stunned, and as though utterly annihilated I leaned against the gate, until at last a horribly executed scale on the French horn, that reached my ears from the lower story of the elegant hotel, and was followed by a subdued, complaining howl,—aroused me from my stupor. I laughed aloud, and went my way."

Deeply moved, my friend paused; however easy it was for him to talk, his excitement was a terrible strain upon him. He could no longer sit erect in bed,—he sank back with a light groan. There was

a long pause; I looked at the poor fellow with the keenest distress; that soft flush appeared upon his cheeks, that is peculiar to the consumptive. He had closed his eyes; his breath came in light and almost ethereal motion.

I waited anxiously for the moment when I might venture to ask him in what possible way I could help him. At last he opened his eyes again; a soft, singular brilliancy was in the look he turned upon me.

"My poor friend," I began; "you see me beside you with the sad request that you will let me serve you in some way. If you have a single wish—tell it to me, I beseech you."

He answered smiling—"So impatient for my will, my friend? Give yourself no anxiety; you are remembered in it.—But will you not hear how it happened that your poor brother came to die? You see, I want my story to be known to one single soul, at least; but I know of no one who troubles himself about me—unless it be you.

"Don't be afraid that I shall exert myself too much. I feel better—easier. I have no difficulty in breathing—it is easy for me to talk. Besides, you see I have but little more to tell.

"You can imagine that after that point at which I left off in my story, I had nothing more to do with outward experiences. From that time the history of my inner life begins—for from that time I knew that I must die.

"That terrible scale on the French horn in the Englishman's hotel, filled me with such an irresistible hatred of life, that I decided to die quickly. I ought not to take any credit to myself for this decision, it is true, for it was no longer a matter of choice whether I lived or died. Something had broken in my breast, that left behind it what seemed like a long-drawn whirring sound; and as this died away, I felt light and well, as I had never felt before,—and I knew that my end was near. How happy I was at the thought! How the prospect of a speedy dissolution cheered me,—the feeling that I suddenly experienced in every portion of my wasted frame! Unconscious of all outward surroundings, and not knowing where my uncertain steps were leading me, I had reached the heights of Montmartre. I bid the 'hill of martyrs' welcome, and decided that I would die there. I, too, die for the purity of my faith—and so I also can call myself a martyr, even though this belief of mine be opposed by nothing—but hunger.

"Here then I, the homeless one, took up my dwelling, asking nothing but this bed, and that the scores and papers I had left in a wretched nook in the city, should be brought to me; for unfortunately I had not succeeded in making use of them anywhere as a pawn-pledge. You see, I lie here, and have decided to die in God and pure music. A friend will close my eyes; the little that I leave behind me will suffice to pay my debts, and I shall not want for an honourable grave.—Tell me, what could I wish for more?"

At last I gave expression to my pent-up emotion. "What"—I cried—"could you only make use of me for this last sad service? Could your friend—be he ever so powerless—serve you in no other way than this? I beseech you, tell me one thing—was it mistrust of my friendship that kept you from asking of me—from telling me sooner of your fate?"

"Ah, do not reproach me," said he soothingly; "don't reproach me if I confess to you that I had fallen into the insane idea that you were my enemy. When I found that you were not, my brain was in such a condition as deprived me of all responsibility for my own will. I felt as though I had no right to any communication with sensible beings. Pardon me, and be kinder to me than I was to you! Give me your hand, and let this debt of my life be paid."

I could not refuse; I seized his hand and burst into tears. I saw that my friend's strength was fast ebbing away. He could no longer raise himself in bed; the changing flush grew dimmer on his pallid cheeks.

"One little matter of business, my dear friend,"—he said;—"call it my last testament!—I desire, first—that my debts be paid. The poor people who took me in have nursed me willingly and dunned me but little; they must be paid. A few other creditors, too, whose names you will find put down on this paper. I devote to these payments all my property—my compositions there, and here my note-book, in which I have entered my musical memoranda and fancies. I leave it to your skill, my experienced friend, to have as much of this legacy as possible sold, and to devote the receipts to the payment of my worldly debts.—"

"I desire, secondly—that you will not beat my dog if you happen to come across him. I take it for granted that he has already suffered fearfully through the Englishman's French horn, as a punishment for his faithlessness.—I forgive him!—"

"Thirdly, I desire that the story of my life in Paris shall be published (my name being suppressed), that it may serve as a wholesome warning to every fool that is like me.—"

"Fourthly, I ask for an honourable grave, but without ornament or excessive show. A few persons only will serve me as mourners; you will find their names and addresses in my note-book. The costs of the burial are to be contributed by you and them.—Amen!

"And now"—continued the dying man after a pause caused by his increasing weakness;—"now one word concerning my beliefs.—I believe in God, Mozart, and Beethoven, and in their disciples and apostles; I believe in the Holy Ghost and the truth of Art—one and indivisible; I believe that this art proceeds from God and dwells in the hearts of all enlightened men; I believe that whoever has revelled in the glorious joys of this high art must be for ever devoted to it and can never repudiate it; I believe that all may become blessed through this art, and that therefore it is permitted to any one to die of hunger for its sake; I believe that I shall become most happy through death; I believe that I have been on earth a discordant chord, that shall be made harmonious and clear by death. I believe in a last judgment, that shall fearfully punish all those who have dared on this earth to make profit out of this chaste and holy art—who have disgraced it and dishonoured it through badness of heart and the coarse instincts of sensuality; I believe that such men will be condemned to hear their own music through all eternity. I believe, on the other hand, that the true disciples of pure art will be glorified in a divine atmosphere of sun-illumined, fragrant concords, and united eternally with the divine source of all harmony. And may a merciful lot be granted me! Amen!"

I almost thought that my friend's ardent prayer was already fulfilled, so divinely clear was his eye—he lay so entranced in breathless stillness. But his excessively feeble breath—almost imperceptible—convinced me that he was still alive. Softly, but very distinctly, he whispered "Rejoice, ye Faithful, for the bliss to which you go is great!"

He was silent; the brightness in his eyes died away; his lips wore a happy smile. I closed his eyes, and prayed God that my death might be like his.

Who knows what passed away in this human being, and left no trace? Was it a Mozart—a Beethoven? Who can tell; and who can dispute me when I say that in him there died an artist who would have blessed the whole world with his creations, had he not been driven to starvation? I ask—who can prove the contrary?

None of those that followed his body to the grave dared to dispute it; there were only two besides myself—a philologist and a painter; one person had been kept away by a cold—others had no time.

As we quietly approached the cemetery of Montmartre, we noticed a beautiful dog, who snuffed at the bier and the coffin. I recognized the animal and looked around; I perceived the Englishman on horseback. He did not seem to understand the

restless behaviour of his dog, and dismounting, gave his horse to his groom and joined us in the cemetery.

"Whom are you burying, sir?" he asked.

"That dog's master," said I in reply.

"Confound it!" he cried, "I am sorry to hear that the gentleman is dead, without receiving the money for his beast. I meant it for him, and have tried to get an opportunity to send it to him—in spite of the fact that the dog howls during my practising. But I will make good my error, and devote the fifty guineas for the dog to a monument to be erected over the grave of this excellent gentleman."

He went and mounted his horse. The dog remained beside the grave; the Englishman rode away.

(From the German by E. L. Burlingame.)

St. Cecilia.

By the Author of "Venetia's Lovers," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

*"Ade, nun, ihr Berge, ihr väterlich Haus,
Es treibt in die Ferne mich mächtig hinaus."*

THE people who went to such entertainments as Mrs Lennox gave in the uncultured days of Cecilia's youth, would probably have expressed themselves as "fond of music," though the admission had its risks, and might have involved them in difficulties had it been put to the test. Fortunately, however, the phrase quite sufficiently defines the emotional limits of the person who uses it, and the "fondness" does not necessarily imply an appreciation of Beethoven's sublimities; it means, at the most, an ear that is ready to be tickled pleasantly by the most modest tinkling; a readiness to smile and nod, and to meet the conclusion of a feebly executed "royalty" song with a conventional word of delight.

Even this faint praise may lay its stress on some tender conscience, for in spite of the universal confession, we are not all "fond of music;" there are some of us who are, to our own sad loss, quite shut out from all its dear delights, though we may not have the courage to own our exclusion. Why should fashion lay this absurd command upon our tastes? We are not all required to be "fond" of astronomy or of natural history; it is not even claimed that we must pass a certain historical standard before society receives us to her bosom; our dates may be wrapped in vaguest uncertainty; the stars in their courses may for ever walk unnamed for us, but music we must all claim to understand, even though heaven has denied us the inner ear.

Everybody applauded Mrs Lennox, and accepted the invitation to her "At-home." It was quite the right thing for her to do, to gather people together in the dull month of November, when the dying year faints and flags, and the tide of spring gaieties is as yet far off. One met everybody and didn't even need to have a new gown, and the music was a pleasant excuse, and did not hinder the exchange of charming confidences in corners. Society had always a good-natured word for the Lennoxes, the kindly, dark-eyed mother with her bevvy of girls, fair and soft as a flock of doves. Mr Lennox came in for a share of the general approval without exerting himself to deserve it—a stout, florid man, from whom his girls took their white skins and yellow hair—he went easily enough with the stream, and if unsuccessful people found him a little too bland, you could hardly blame him for that.

Into this household that so happily exemplified the sweet uses of prosperity, Cis and her professor stepped from their draughty cab. It was a great palace of delights into which they entered, passing from the night's rigours to the warm air, scented

ing of my unhappy friend. I inquired in every place that had any connection whatever with music—but nowhere could I find the slightest information. Only in the sacred ante-chamber of the opera, some of the lowest of the officials remembered a melancholy, wretched being, who had often been there and waited for an audience;—but of whose name and residence, of course, no one knew anything. Every other means—even that of the police—led to just as little trustworthy traces; even these guardians of the public safety did not seem to have thought it necessary to trouble themselves about the unfortunate man.

I fell into despair: when one day, about two months after the occurrence in the Champs Elysées, a letter was handed to me in an indirect way, through one of my acquaintances. I opened it with a feeling of coming trouble, and read these brief words:—

"My dear friend, come—to see me die."

The address given indicated a narrow alley on Montmartre.

I could not weep—I hastened to Montmartre. Following the address I reached one of those wretched and miserable houses that are to be found in the side streets of this quarter of the city. In spite of its squalid exterior this building did not fail to rise to a fifth storey; my friend seemed to have regarded this circumstance with pleasure; and I was also compelled to mount by the same dizzy path. But it was worth the trouble; for on asking after my friend I was directed to a room in the rear. On this side of the house, it is true, one was denied the out-look into the giant street (some four feet wide); but was rewarded for this by a far more beautiful prospect of all Paris.

I found my unhappy enthusiast sitting up in his sick-bed, enjoying this glorious view. His face and his whole body were far more meagre and haggard than on that day in the Champs Elysées; yet his expression was more satisfactory than at that time. The frightened, wild, almost maddened look, the terrible brightness of his eyes, had disappeared; his eyes were dim and almost lustreless; the ghastly dark spots upon his cheeks seemed to have changed into a general wasting away.

Trembling, but with a quiet expression, he extended his hand to me with the words:—"Pardon me, dear friend; and thank you for coming."

The singularly gentle and sonorous tone in which he spoke these few words, made a deeply affecting impression upon me—as indeed his very look had already done. I pressed his hand; but I wept and could not speak.

"I think," continued my friend after a moment of emotion, "it must be a good deal more than a year since we met in that bright Palais Royal;—I haven't entirely kept my word; it was impossible, with my best efforts, to become famous within a year; and on the other hand it is not my fault that I could not write to you punctually at the termination of the year whither you should come to see me die; in spite of all my pains I had not got so far.—Do not weep, my friend; there was a time when I had to beg you not to laugh."

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He answered smiling—"So impatient for my will, my friend? Give yourself no anxiety; you are remembered in it.—But will you not hear how it happened that your poor brother came to die? You see, I want my story to be known to one single soul, at least; but I know of no one who troubles himself about me—unless it be you.

"Don't be afraid that I shall exert myself too much. I feel better—easier. I have no difficulty in breathing—it is easy for me to talk. Besides, you see I have but little more to tell.

"You can imagine that after that point at which I left off in my story, I had nothing more to do with outward experiences. From that time the history of my inner life begins—for from that time I knew that I must die.

"That terrible scale on the French horn in the Englishman's hotel, filled me with such an irresistible hatred of life, that I decided to die quickly. I ought not to take any credit to myself for this decision, it is true, for it was no longer a matter of choice whether I lived or died. Something had broken in my breast, that left behind it what seemed like a long-drawn whirling sound; and as this died away, I felt light and well, as I had never felt before,—and I knew that my end was near. How happy I was at the thought! How the prospect of a speedy dissolution cheered me,—the feeling that I suddenly experienced in every portion of my wasted frame! Unconscious of all outward surroundings, and not knowing where my uncertain steps were leading me, I had reached the heights of Montmartre. I bid the 'hill of martyrs' welcome, and decided that I would die there. I, too, die for the purity of my faith—and so I also can call myself a martyr, even though this belief of mine be opposed by nothing—but hunger.

"Here then I, the homeless one, took up my dwelling, asking nothing but this bed, and that the scores and papers I had left in a wretched nook in the city, should be brought to me; for unfortunately I had not succeeded in making use of them anywhere as a pawn-pledge. You see, I lie here, and have decided to die in God and pure music. A friend will close my eyes; the little that I leave behind me will suffice to pay my debts, and I shall not want for an honourable grave.—Tell me, what could I wish for more?"

At last I gave expression to my pent-up emotion. "What"—I cried—"could you only make use of me for this last sad service? Could your friend—be he ever so powerless—serve you in no other way than this? I beseech you, tell me one thing—was it mistrust of my friendship that kept you from asking of me—from telling me sooner of your fate?"

"Ah, do not reproach me," said he soothingly; "don't reproach me if I confess to you that I had fallen into the insane idea that you were my enemy. When I found that you were not, my brain was in such a condition as deprived me of all responsibility for my own will. I felt as though I had no right to any communication with sensible beings. Pardon me, and be kinder to me than I was to you! Give me your hand, and let this debt of my life be paid."

I could not refuse; I seized his hand and burst into tears. I saw that my friend's strength was fast ebbing away. He could no longer raise himself in bed; the changing flush grew dimmer on his pallid cheeks.

"One little matter of business, my dear friend,"—he said; "call it my last testament!—I desire, first—that my debts be paid. The poor people who took me in have nursed me willingly and dunned me but little; they must be paid. A few other creditors, too, whose names you will find put down on this paper. I devote to these payments all my property—my compositions there, and here my note-book, in which I have entered my musical memoranda and fancies. I leave it to your skill, my experienced friend, to have as much of this legacy as possible sold, and to devote the receipts to the payment of my worldly debts.—"

"I desire, secondly—that you will not beat my dog if you happen to come across him. I take it for granted that he has already suffered fearfully through the Englishman's French horn, as a punishment for his faithlessness.—I forgive him!—"

"Thirdly, I desire that the story of my life in Paris shall be published (my name being suppressed), that it may serve as a wholesome warning to every fool that is like me.—"

"Fourthly, I ask for an honourable grave, but without ornament or excessive show. A few persons only will serve me as mourners; you will find their names and addresses in my note-book. The costs of the burial are to be contributed by you and them.—Amen!"

"And now"—continued the dying man after a pause caused by his increasing weakness;—"now one word concerning my beliefs.—I believe in God, Mozart, and Beethoven, and in their disciples and apostles; I believe in the Holy Ghost and the truth of Art—one and indivisible; I believe that this art proceeds from God and dwells in the hearts of all enlightened men; I believe that whoever has revelled in the glorious joys of this high art must be for ever devoted to it and can never repudiate it; I believe that all may become blessed through this art, and that therefore it is permitted to any one to die of hunger for its sake; I believe that I shall become most happy through death; I believe that I have been on earth a discordant chord, that shall be made harmonious and clear by death. I believe in a last judgment, that shall fearfully punish all those who have dared on this earth to make profit out of this chaste and holy art—who have disgraced it and dishonoured it through badness of heart and the coarse instincts of sensuality; I believe that such men will be condemned to hear their own music through all eternity. I believe, on the other hand, that the true disciples of pure art will be glorified in a divine atmosphere of sun-illumined, fragrant concords, and united eternally with the divine source of all harmony. And may a merciful lot be granted me! Amen!"

I almost thought that my friend's ardent prayer was already fulfilled, so divinely clear was his eye—he lay so entranced in breathless stillness. But his excessively feeble breath—almost imperceptible—convinced me that he was still alive. Softly, but very distinctly, he whispered "Rejoice, ye Faithful, for the bliss to which you go is great!"

He was silent; the brightness in his eyes died away; his lips wore a happy smile. I closed his eyes, and prayed God that my death might be like his.

Who knows what passed away in this human being, and left no trace? Was it a Mozart—a Beethoven? Who can tell; and who can dispute me when I say that in him there died an artist who would have blessed the whole world with his creations, had he not been driven to starvation? I ask—who can prove the contrary?

None of those that followed his body to the grave dared to dispute it; there were only two besides myself—a philologist and a painter; one person had been kept away by a cold—others had no time.

As we quietly approached the cemetery of Montmartre, we noticed a beautiful dog, who snuffed at the bier and the coffin. I recognized the animal and looked around; I perceived the Englishman on horseback. He did not seem to understand the

restless behaviour of his dog, and dismounting, gave his horse to his groom and joined us in the cemetery.

"Whom are you burying, sir?" he asked.

"That dog's master," said I in reply.

"Confound it!" he cried, "I am sorry to hear that the gentleman is dead, without receiving the money for his beast. I meant it for him, and have tried to get an opportunity to send it to him—in spite of the fact that the dog howls during my practising. But I will make good my error, and devote the fifty guineas for the dog to a monument to be erected over the grave of this excellent gentleman."

He went and mounted his horse. The dog remained beside the grave; the Englishman rode away.

(From the German by E. L. Burlingame.)

St. Cecilia.

By the Author of "Venetia's Lovers," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

*"Adt, nun, ihr Berge, ihr wälderlich Haus,
Es treibt in die Ferne mich mächtig hinaus."*

THE people who went to such entertainments as Mrs Lennox gave in the uncultured days of Cecilia's youth, would probably have expressed themselves as "fond of music," though the admission had its risks, and might have involved them in difficulties had it been put to the test. Fortunately, however, the phrase quite sufficiently defines the emotional limits of the person who uses it, and the "fondness" does not necessarily imply an appreciation of Beethoven's sublimities; it means, at the most, an ear that is ready to be tickled pleasantly by the most modest tinkling; a readiness to smile and nod, and to meet the conclusion of a feebly executed "royalty" song with a conventional word of delight.

Even this faint praise may lay its stress on some tender conscience, for in spite of the universal confession, we are not all "fond of music;" there are some of us who are, to our own sad loss, quite shut out from all its dear delights, though we may not have the courage to own our exclusion. Why should fashion lay this absurd command upon our tastes? We are not all required to be "fond" of astronomy or of natural history; it is not even claimed that we must pass a certain historical standard before society receives us to her bosom; our dates may be wrapped in vaguest uncertainty; the stars in their courses may for ever walk unnamed for us, but music we must all claim to understand, even though heaven has denied us the inner ear.

Everybody applauded Mrs Lennox, and accepted the invitation to her "At-home." It was quite the right thing for her to do, to gather people together in the dull month of November, when the dying year faints and flags, and the tide of spring gaieties is as yet far off. One met everybody and didn't even need to have a new gown, and the music was a pleasant excuse, and did not hinder the exchange of charming confidences in corners. Society had always a good-natured word for the Lennoxes, the kindly, dark-eyed mother with her bevy of girls, fair and soft as a flock of doves. Mr Lennox came in for a share of the general approval without exerting himself to deserve it—a stout, florid man, from whom his girls took their white skins and yellow hair—he went easily enough with the stream, and if unsuccessful people found him a little too bland, you could hardly blame him for that.

Into this household that so happily exemplified the sweet uses of prosperity, Cis and her professor stepped from their draughty cab. It was a great palace of delights into which they entered, passing from the night's rigours to the warm air, scented

with flowers, gay with lights, rich with all sorts of costly splendours.

The professor paused to warm his large, flexible hands at the hall fire; he looked about him with a kindly amused condescension; swelling out his chest, humming to himself, "Ei! what could not English gold do!" he ran his hand vigorously through his hair, making it more startlingly dishevelled than ever. Doubtless the costly furnishing made this Scotch home very different from the German interiors he remembered. The stair up which he marched twice a week with his violin under his arm—always with that air of being the master—was converted into a bewitching garden of foliage and blossom, up and down which white figures flitted—angels, if you like, but angels without harps. It was such a world as this that Hugh had dreamed of for his St Cecilia, not knowing that she would have pined in it, lacking the truest liberty.

Even now she was shrinking inwardly, with an under-current of reluctance and a secret sigh for the west room at home, and the noble, all compelling company of the old maestros. Music creates its own atmosphere, it colours and inspires life, and to her inexperience it seemed that this setting of gold and flowers and fine raiment was a little vulgar. She would have liked to shelter herself under the wing of her big professor, but a young cousin came down upon her and bore her off.

It was Susie, and of course Susie with her mother's remembered words in her mind looked at Cis with furtive criticism and perhaps a little inward wonder. Susie was in a pale blue gown, "an old cloudy thing," she had remarked to herself, but good enough for a "Musical." It had not, indeed, the latest bloom of fashion, being at least six months old—quite a venerable garment, indeed; but as for Cis's gown, six years would not half sum its age. Perhaps Susie made up her mind that it was old enough to pass for the very latest freak of fashion for she said quite cordially,

"You look so nice, cousin Cecilia. Your flowers are lovely, and your dress has quite the right sort of ivy tint. Oh! and what a lovely necklace!"

Cis, who had listened to the praise of her gown with a smile of pleasure, since it reflected honour on Sue and Liddy, now looked almost distressed.

"Susan wanted me to have it on my birthday," she said, "but I didn't think I ought to have it."

"Why, it's quite too lovely," cried Susie. "Don't you like jewellery? It suits your complexion perfectly."

Cis shook her head faintly. "It isn't that," she said, finding words difficult. Would she have quoted "souls have their complexions too," groping dimly after some ungrasped duty? Susie, who wore as many gold circlets as her little person could carry, only stared at her cousin. She did not understand her, and how could she, seeing Cis did not understand herself. But she reflected it might be some question of poverty (oh, how queer it must be to be poor!) and she changed the subject with kindly tact.

"Have you brought some music?" she asked. "We've got your name down for a piece. Are you nervous? Ethel and I have got to play a duet. Oh! isn't it dreadful, with the professor making faces at us. I'm sure to miss out half the notes."

"I think Herr König has brought a song for me," said Cis when Susan's chatter had ceased for a moment, while she gave Cis's skirt various little final tugs and pats before they entered the drawing room.

Susie's blue eyes became very round at this.

"Oh, do you know him?" she asked. "Does he teach you too?"

"Yes," said Cis with a beautiful light shining in her own eyes as she remembered that teaching and all the joy it had brought into her life.

Susie's good breeding came to her aid in time to prevent her expressing further astonishment though she wondered inwardly. "Of course he won't charge much," she said to herself, and then she laughed as

she summoned up a vision of the professor, who did not inspire her with awe beyond the limits of the lesson hour.

"Did you ever see such a bear?" she said, "such feet and such a head! and, do you know, I had a peep at him just now, and he is wearing those dreadful yellow trousers!"

Cis coloured hotly under the arch, laughing glances. Poor Cis, who lived in a world of dreams, and who alone had never noticed the professor's lack of a conventional toilet. "Do you think it matters so much," she said, her finer fibre shrinking from this criticism. "He is very good and generous, and simple and true. He doesn't think about himself or his clothes."

Perhaps Susie was to be pardoned in that she failed to find any common meeting point with her cousin. They looked at the world from such different angles. "It must be so very queer to be poor," said puzzled Susie to herself, but she was very kind to Cis, and ushered her into the great drawing-room, already full of a well-bred buzz of talk. She piloted Cecilia to her aunt, who gave her a kind pressure of the hand and a smile out of her dark eyes. Her uncle patted her on the shoulder and then asked her her name, and by-and-bye she found herself safe from all those eyes and tongues in a dim corner where she could see and not be seen.

It was all very strange to her, and she felt a little lonely, and rather bewildered. Had they not met to hear music, and yet, though a young man was seated at the piano, nobody listened. He played loud—something with a great many crashing chords, but his brilliancy seemed only to have a stimulating effect on the talkers. The hum rose and grew in volume as new comers arrived, mounting slowly up the flower-decked stairs and edging their way into the great bright rooms to the eternal crescendo of the music.

Cis's corner was no longer hers alone: many people shared it with her, standing up and chatting; they all seemed to know each other, and had many reminiscences in common. There had been a great chrysanthemum show in the new market to which everyone had gone, but none seemed to have enjoyed it. "It was awfully hot, and the selection the band played was stale," appeared to be the universal verdict. Did they then go to a flower show to hear music, and come to a drawing-room concert to discuss flower shows? The thought bewildered Cis. They had a "little language," too, but it was not the language of the inner life—that sympathetic "nerve telegraphy," that so subtly transmits itself, making two hearts throb in unison, moved by a common delight.

Cis felt herself growing very weary under all this gay chatter; she so earnest, so thirsty to learn. Was the night to slip away with nothing but the babble of unknown voices in her brain? And yet, what about the music that they drowned? Cis's ear always fine, but more cultured of late, caught the impact of sound from the piano above and beyond the talk, and she told herself this was no true music. Perhaps, after all, the sea of conversation which overflowed it was the soundest fate that could befall it.

She thought with a little throb of sympathetic indignation of Herr König, and she rose on tip-toe to look for him. At first her glance wandered blankly over many unknown faces, but soon her eyes fell on the familiar one she sought. The German leaned against a door, his arms folded, his head erect, his hair tossed back, his face expressing nothing; or, rather, did not she, knowing it so well, read in it a pitying scorn and sorrow?

He looked very grand and big and strong as he stood there; he seemed to make a bare place about him, as if he stood alone upholding truth and righteousness against the world. Cis felt comforted when she saw him, and she wondered with a passing surprise how Susie Lennox could have laughed at his dress. Who to look at him would have room for any thought but one of admiration for his fearless boldness—his severe rebuke of all

that was not true and good? But, then, they did not know him as she who owed him so much knew him.

When she sat down again she saw Adam Lennox pushing his way through the crowd and coming towards her. She looked up surprised, and blushing faintly as he stared at her through his eye-glass, and held out his hand. She had not expected any notice from Adam.

"How are you? What a squash there is; come and have some tea," he said, and though he was a little uncereceremonious, his tone was very civil.

Cis rose gladly. Hugh's flowers were withering in the hot air, and she was pale and weary. As she passed slowly and tortuously with Adam through the throng, and neared the door where the professor stood, a gleam of recognition shot out of the eyes that looked so stony behind the spectacles. Cis smiled up at him gravely, comprehendingly. Yes, it was not music at all, though the young man had risen, and another was playing now.

"Do you know König?" Adam, who had noticed the little sign, asked; he was dragging her rather breathlessly into the tea-room. Before she had time to answer, they came face to face with Ethel Lennox, pouting, half-laughing, and looking very pretty as she shrugged her white shoulders at something the young man beside her was saying.

"Oh, Cousin Cecilia," she said, holding out her hand and looking from her brother to her cousin with veiled significance.

"Do you know mamma has sent for Susie and me to play our duet," she turned to Cis. "I wanted to hide. I'm so frightened, and the professor looks perfectly awful. I'm sure my fingers feel like wax already."

"Do let me feel them," said her companion insinuatingly. "I might be able to reassure you."

Ethel snatched her hand away laughingly, and Cis, who had not had the delicate and fine bloom of her maidenhood rubbed off by the process called flirting, looked on with grave, serious eyes.

"Herr König is not really severe," she said, wishing to be comforting. "He is always pleased when one does one's best."

Ethel was too busy with that small armour of airs and affectations with which she arrayed herself for conquest to see anything strange in her cousin's words, and the crowd at this moment came between and swept them asunder. Adam got a seat for her, and went to fetch her some tea.

"Do your sisters like music very much?" she asked shyly, not quite knowing what to say.

"Oh, well enough, I daresay. Ethel likes to show off, though she pretends she doesn't," he said with brotherly candour. "She is always strumming."

"Then she must like it more than well enough, I think," said Cis, half wishing she had remained in the other room to hear the duet.

"She likes to be ahead of other girls," said Adam carelessly, as if he found her ambition quite laudable, "and to have the new music first; that's why they have that German beggar to teach them. They've got him before other people, you see, and though I don't think anything of German music myself, still it can't be very easily cribbed, and Ethel knows better than to lend her songs for other people to copy."

Cis sat with almost a solemn look on her earnest young face. Adam and she were drifting wide, wide apart, and found no meeting place in all their thoughts. Was not the great music that has made a quivering speech for so many a heart a gift to be shared with all the world? not to be jealously hoarded for one's private delight. She hardly understood, but she no longer felt any curiosity about the duet.

Adam did not notice her silence. He was busy with a question which he wished to ask, and which would not ask itself naturally. "How is your sister?" he said at last, and the enquiry had a blunt sound even for his own ear.

"Susan?" said Cis, feeling a rush of ease. Here

was a subject on which she could be eloquent. "Susan is very well. Susan is one of the strong, brave people who are always well, I think." She thought of the moral healthfulness that made Susan's company so bracing.

"Isn't she awfully hard on people? Doesn't she come down on you?" Adam dropped his eyeglass, and then picked it up and readjusted it. This little action always had a fascination for Cis, yet she wished he would not do it: it linked him too dangerously in one's mind with our ancestral ape; Adam had none of his sisters' good looks. The gold in their hair was flax in his, and his eyes were too light and vague in their blue. But as Cis looked up at him, the smile which had begun by being a little mischievous deepened into sweetness. She was thinking of Susan.

"Oh no," she said with a full, cordial ring in her voice. "Susan is brave, and she expects other people to be brave. She doesn't mind unpleasant things for herself, she is always thinking how she can save others."

"I say," Adam edged his chair a little nearer hers, and lowered his voice. "Don't you think she would like to learn to ride? She would look awfully well on horseback. She would cut all the girls out if she liked."

Cis looked a little surprised at the quick transition, and then she laughed.

"Susan would say that was no reason," she said. "And you know, cousin Adam," she sobered in a moment and looked at him with clear-eyed sincerity, "we are too poor to do anything that has not a very strong reason to justify it."

"It's a beastly shame," said Adam, but he did not further deliver his soul. Indeed before he had time to speak, being unready with words, there came into the little room a sound of music clear and penetrating. Cis's heart leapt up in eager assent to the familiar touch. This was not the duet: she had missed that perhaps while Adam talked; it was the master himself who played.

"I'd like to go back to the drawing-room," she said, her eyes shining. "It is Herr König who is playing. You will not like to miss it either."

Adam did not care, but he took her back, and found a seat for her near the door. The rooms were full now; the air even on these lofty spaces was languid, and people were tired.

We English, who claim so persistently to be musical, and who pay more lavishly than any other people in the world for our concert and opera stars, do not like to be talked down in our own drawing-rooms by the piano. Herein is a paradox that might yet excuse much German ferocity.

Herr König made his way to the piano at the request of his hostess. Cecilia, who happened to be seated near her aunt, heard the little whispers with which she heralded him.

"Odd, you know, a German, and so clever. These Germans are all clever," Mrs Lennox said to one guest, appealing to the well-known preference there exists in the British mind for foreign instruction and service. "We have a little way of despising the nations that lie on the other side of our silver sea-rim, but what other country employs so many Herrs and Signors in its schools; so many Teutonic clerks in its offices, *bonnes* in its nurseries, *Kellners* in its restaurants."

To another lady Mrs Lennox was whispering: "He is so cheap." In a few months the same kindly voice would proclaim everywhere with the same note of admiration: "He is so expensive!" To be prized you must hold out one or other of these baits; either will do.

"So cheap. So clever?" Cis listened with burning cheeks. Who cared for him because of the happiness he gave—the moral he enforced? She knew very well that this was the only music of the evening—all the singing and playing that had gone before had been vicious, exhausting, untrue. She could see the grand outline of his head as he sat at the instrument; he seemed to hold it high in fine scorn of the idle, whispering, restless crowd; too

well-bred to speak aloud; too bored and impatient to keep silence. Perhaps there was only one listener who could penetrate deep enough, taught of pure love to drink in all the fine and subtle graces of that music—over the others it passed as something foreign, with a long, hard name.

It was Schumann's tender and exquisite *Kinder-scenen* he was interpreting, that song-picture of happy childish innocence. Every note of that fine and delicate speech, touched with a certain sadness which tells the story of a child's play; its little prayers; its rosy sleep, found a throbbing response in Cecilia's heart. Once again the music seized her with its penetrative force, and claimed her devotion. "*Dein ist mein Herz*," she said softly in glad assent, "*Dein ist mein Herz*."

She was sitting with bright eyes that saw far away when Herr König crossed the room and came to her. Straight from the "*Träumerei*," which still laid its spell on her, he came. "You will now sing, *mein Fräulein*," he said; and it was the master who spoke.

Cis got up in silent acquiescence. Mrs Lennox stared at her perplexed. She was telling everybody how clever the professor was, and how a delightful young man who played the violin quite charmingly—oh, an amateur, of course—was going to enchant them.

"Why, Cecilia," she said in a vexed tone—for Cecilia's little piece was to have been the consolation of the people who were not worthy of a first place at the supper table—"Why, Cecilia," she said aghast and bewildered, "where are you going, my child?"

"My pupil will now sing with your permission, Madam," said the professor, making her one of his grandest bows. He swept Cis off, and there was something in his air and manner that made everybody fall aside.

"Who is that?" people asked each other, as Cecilia, in her old white dress, with her crown of bright hair and her deep, earnest eyes passed them as seeing them not. Perhaps it was this very unconsciousness that made them look and wonder at her the more. She had not learned any of the little wiles and reluctances with which young ladies enhance their consent to sing. She was not thinking of herself, but of the music; she was filled with a great and beautiful peace; her thirsty soul had been satisfied at last, and was she not henceforth to drink always of this pure fountain.

It was Schubert's "*Ungeduld*," the song that she had sung one epoch-making night in the west room at home, that the professor preluded. He struck the chords deliberately; the silence that he had not claimed for himself he demanded for her; and there was something in the sheer, magnetic force of his will that hushed the listeners into expectation.

Cis poured her whole soul into the rushing, rapturous song. She sang it at a white heat as poor Franz Schubert—who had to sing because nobody would else listen to him—composed it. She was paying her own vow of faithfulness once again.

"*Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig, ewig bleiben*."

If Liddy had been there she would have felt that the triumph for which she had pleaded was quite complete; people looked and listened, a few with admiration, most of them with astonishment; and after all, to astonish society, is not that to be quite successful?

Long afterwards Cis remembered, as in a dream that made her smile, Susie's open-mouthed wonder and Adam's blank gaze; his eye-glass forgotten, at the moment the deep significance of the music filled her soul to the exclusion of all else. "*Dein ist mein Herz*," she was repeating inwardly when the last chord was struck, and her aunt, with a flushed, uneasy look, came up to the piano.

Like wild-fire a whisper had run through the room that this pupil of the professor's, whom nobody knew by sight, was a new star being trained

for the opera. Somebody had said she was going abroad. The public likes an easy explanation of small mysteries, and this suited it very well. She was a handsome girl in a certain style. Many eyeglasses were levelled at her; she would be an attractive actress when she was trained.

The whispers reached Aunt Lennox very soon.

"You kept the secret capitally," one facetious gentleman complimented her; "and it is just the right time of night for a surprise."

Mrs Lennox was genuinely shocked and distressed. She denied the story with emphasis, but her vexation was keen enough to give a sharp edge to her words when she at last reached Cis.

"What is this I hear, Cecilia?" she said, "this talk of Germany and of being trained? How can you have given people the right to talk such nonsense about you?"

Then poor Cis came down from her heights with a sease of a broken wing. "It is true," she faltered half ashamed. "It was always so easy to make her think herself in the wrong. 'We will tell you about it, Susan and I—another time,' she said, waking suddenly to the knowledge that many eyes were turned curiously on her, and shrinking with flushed distress from the needed confession.

"Another time—oh! Aunt Catherine, I am sorry to vex you, but—another time—"

"Yes, another time," said the professor rising and calmly rolling together the music sheets. "Madam will, I am sure, excuse us. My pupil is tired, and we shall now go home."

The professor, too, had his small triumph, though it was perhaps a little cruel. Mrs Lennox was left breathless, speechless, much inwardly disturbed, though she smiled on the amateur violinist.

Where were all those quadrilles, and waltzes, and dancing measures to which the young people were to have tripped when the older ones had gone?

"Mamma," said Ethel in a vehement whisper to her mother, "I'll never have another lesson from that odious man again!"

But then Ethel had to play the waltzes herself instead of dancing them with delightful young men, and wasn't that enough to ruffle the good-nature even of a Lennox?

XIV.

It was Susan who gave the explanation which Aunt Lennox did not delay to ask. She came in her carriage next morning, but she alighted at the head of the lane and walked down between the bare trees. The urgency of her omission was pressing on her, and she wanted a quiet moment to think.

There were wide, bleak sky and meadow spaces, chill even at noonday, seen now between the unclothed stems, and the old house, stripped of its kindly greenery, had a shrunk, forsaken look, it was older and poorer too than she remembered it to be. She shivered under her furs and velvet; she had no eyes for the blue-grey tints that wrapped the meadow's rim as it were in a diaphanous curtain, making stuff sufficient "for a fresh young imagination to build a whole palace of art out of"—a dream country lurking behind the scene. Perhaps she was too busy with the vexing problem how best to reason with her nieces; she was the more anxious to set them right, because her conscience told her that she had forfeited the privilege of controlling them. How many months was it since she had been here before—or years, perhaps? She did not care to reckon.

Susan was firm, though quite courteous and forbearing.

"We have papa's permission for Cis to go to Germany," she said, "and it is too late to alter anything now. I meant to tell you, Aunt Catherine."

"Yes, after you have settled everything, and it is, as you say, too late," said Mrs Lennox, as nearly irritable as was possible with one of her pliant nature. Her eyes searched the room, taking in all its barren ugliness; no single uncomfortable detail

escaped her; each little make-shift and contrivance to bid a gay defiance to poverty was a fresh stab to her. The horse-hair sofa on which she sat as in the place of honour; the curtain that turned such faded folds to the scorching daylight; the worn carpet, all thrust themselves insistently upon her notice.

"What does it all mean, Susan?" she asked, feeling truly bewildered.

"We only heard of the situation quite lately," said Susan, in her calm clear tones, "and it could not be settled all at once. We had to write to Jamaica, and there were mutual enquiries to be made."

"A situation." Mrs Lennox's dark eyes came swiftly back to her niece's face. There was an edge of relief in her voice. "Then it was not true about the training for the stage?" she said, ready to accept the lesser evil, having feared the greater.

"Our thoughts have not gone so far as that yet," said Susan, smiling a little. "I don't know about the stage. I think Cis would rather sing at concerts and oratorios," she said, as if it were quite a matter of course that Cis should give her music to the world. The light from a window fell on her, it brought out all the strength and resoluteness of her bearing. She wore a very plain, old mourning dress and a white apron; her beautiful, shapely arms were half bared, and so was her round white throat; she looked, in spite of her poverty, like a young Norse goddess.

Perhaps Aunt Lennox was a little afraid of this look, for her remonstrance went out in a feeble:

"Oh, promise me you will never think of it. It is too dreadful!"

"I can't promise that," Susan answered, "I don't know enough, but all we hope for just now is that Cecilia shall have better chances of cultivating her music than she has here."

"But she can get all any young lady can want here," cried Mrs Lennox, still urged to remonstrance. "Professor König is teaching her, I understand. I think you might have told me that, Susan," her mind reverted to the lesser grievance. "It was quite a surprise last night, and it seemed strange and awkward—it made people talk."

"Perhaps I should have begun by telling you," Susan answered, looking somewhat stately, or rather as if she were the reprover than the reproved, "that Herr König is living in this house. He and Miss MacBride and Miss Bogie, our mother's old friends."

Here Liddel, who had been kneeling on the window-seat, her forehead pressed against the pane, looking out with rebellious eyes on the blue, misty meadows, suddenly rose and stole out of the room. She went quickly upstairs, not pausing till she had reached the safe shelter of the room where the two old ladies sat at work.

"Oh, you must let me come in," she said. "Aunt Lennox is here, and I felt if I opened my mouth I'd be sure to shock her. Why are people made so that they can't understand? Aunt Catherine thinks that everybody ought either to be rich or to pretend to be so, and that Cis should only warble for her own special delight. Oh, I'm sick of this everlasting round of social respectability!"

"Bairn!" cried Miss MacBride aghast, "what havers are you talking! The Raeburns were always respectable, though your father may be a wee thing demented on one point, and as for the MacBrides, Miss Bogie will bear me out that they held a high head in their day. Riches are not to be despised. Your aunt is an excellent woman, and means well by you."

"She would like to keep Cis from going to Germany!" cried Liddy, not approving of this tone.

"Well, she's may be right. It's a great risk going to foreign parts, and sending young people alone into the world. Susan talked me over, but I never was quite sure. If Mrs Lennox would come up we might have a crack about it."

"There's the new ginger-wine and the short-bread," said Miss Bogie with sad irrelevance.

Liddy laughed, perhaps she would have made her

escape once more, but she knew her aunt would not come upstairs.

"Susan will have talked her over too," she said, having great faith in Susan.

Mrs Lennox did not come up, though it hardly remained that she was convinced. It would be difficult to describe her frame of mind. She went away with a general feeling of bewildered surprise, not quite sure whether she was very clever or very stupid, and Miss MacBride consoled herself with a distant glimpse of the Lennox liveries, the men's scarlet collars and sleeves making a bright spot in the wintry distance. It quite cheered her for the lack of the visit to remember that the MacBride footmen had worn claret and silver.

"How did Aunt Lennox take it?" Liddy asked, flying down when her aunt had rolled off in the family chariot, carrying many doubts back with her.

"Take what?"

"Oh, our enormities."

Susan smiled. "Not very well at first. One couldn't expect it; but I think she has found some way that comforts her of reconciling our duty and the world's opinion."

"I suppose," said Liddy, with youthful severity, "she will tell people that our boarders are old family friends paying us a visit—and nobody will believe her. What Edinburgh person had ever a long-haired, fiddling German professor for a friend!"

"Liddy, you are cynical."

"Yes, I am!" cried Liddy, "I'm always cynical when I think of Aunt Catherine's half-way houses on the way to truth. But anyhow, Cis is safe."

Yes, Cis was safe from Aunt Catherine's persuasions and Edinburgh's disapproval, if the grey city were minded to lend itself to gossip about one young girl. A week or two more and she would be out in the world—in *die Ferne*, which was never home, where nothing but love would bridge the old country and the new.

Her artist yearnings were not to be repressed as poor Fanny Mendelssohn's were by the unwritten law that forbade her to shine in the same firmament as Felix. Cis might be a star if she chose. Herr König had urged one of the great conservatoriums that are the pride of his country. Leipzig, where the great "Old Bach" played and taught the Thomas scholars and composed his wonderful music, and where, ninety years later, Richard Wagner was born. He spent a whole evening making careful jottings in his elaborate German writing of the expenses. He took it all with a quaint seriousness. Liddy's eyes brimmed over with mischief as he read aloud his notes. Nothing was too small for his simplicity. So much for bed and table linen, so much for a plain dinner (very plain indeed); these mixed up in the oddest way with such gravities as harmony, counterpoint, and thorough-bass.

"Just think of Aunt Catherine's horror, Cis, if she knew you were only to pay sixpence for your dinner. You would be a pauper in her eyes."

But even the half-mark which the frugal professor deemed sufficient for a mid-day meal was too much for the slender family resources. One cannot take the best way when one is poor, and sometimes the second best must do instead. It soon became clear that Leipzig, with all its great tradition, would not shelter Cis.

Susan wanted to sell the pearls, but Cis cried out strenuously against it. Hugh walked in upon the little scene of loving strife one evening, when it was all settled that Cis was to go, not to the great school that the beloved Mendelssohn founded, and on which he lavished the store of his genius and learning, but to the little town of Poppelsdorf, on the Rhine, where she was to barter her English for all the music it would buy.

The sisters made a pretty picture in the fire-light; one of those glimpses of the poetry that is wrapped up with life. Susan held out the necklace; it was she who had been urging its sale. There was a vigour and splendour of life about her that made all her movements emphatic, almost dramatic.

"You don't care to wear it, Cis, nor any of us. It would look absurd on me."

Hugh nodded. "Yes, you are too grand for jewels."

"Liddy is too young, and mamma would have been the first to wish that you should have the advantages it would buy. I suppose it is worth a good deal."

"Sentiment has a certain value," said Hugh, "as well as usefulness. And the pearls are very pretty." He stretched out his hand and took the necklace from Susan. "Don't you think they're much jollier like this than converted into a heap of dirty pound-notes? You couldn't wear the notes round your neck, Cis, and when you are a great prima donna you will want to be hung over with jewels."

"Oh, it isn't that," broke out Cis; "how can you think I wanted to keep them to myself! It isn't the sale, but the money I object to. If they are sold, the money must go to papa. How could I think of his work languishing while I bought comforts for myself!"

"The jewels were our mother's," said Susan, trying to hold the balance evenly between love and justice, "she wishes you to have them."

"Is the money really wanted for Cis's hairpins and strings?" Hugh asked, feeling it was time his masculine sense intervened, and determined of all things not to let the pearls be swallowed up in the bottomless abyss of his uncle's needs.

"No," said Cis eagerly; "I didn't want any new dresses;" but Susan hesitated.

"It would buy many things that Cis would be the better of," she said.

"Oh, if that's all," said Hugh, "Cis can wait for the vandykes and ribbons till she's a victorious star. By all means let the necklace be kept for her *début*. You'd better give it to me to take care of. This house is isolated, and some burgling person might get wind of the treasure."

"And you would take it to the High Street for safety?" Susan laughed.

"I'll take it to Oxford," he answered, snapping the case on the white glimmer that stood out from the velvet; "I can hang it up as an object of worship in my rooms, or wear it round my wrist at an æsthetic tea-party. I've heard of a man who wore bangles round his ankles. You'll let me wear it, Cis?"

"You always do what you like," she said with a slow-winning smile. She got up and wandered away upstairs to the west room, where the music drew her. She was full of the restlessness of her coming change, and even the settlement of the necklace question had no long hold on her interest.

Hugh sat down in her deserted place where shadow and sunlight struggled together for victory.

"I am going to take Cis to Poppelsdorf," he said, with a certain finality in his tone as if the decision admitted of no question.

Susan paused a moment before she said,

"Ought you to go?"

"Do you mean—can I afford it? Yes, time and money both: and I am not going wholly for Cis."

Then he told her the story of the young player on the drum, and the trust he had accepted.

"Poppelsdorf lies just across the Rhine from the village he came from, so it all fits in, and that will be the end of a very sad business."

Perhaps if it had not all fitted in so well with his desires, Hugh might have felt the trust he had accepted less impelling and urgent. Our motives are never wholly unmixed, and in the busy whirl of his own changing lot, the tragedy he had looked on at had grown a little cold in his thoughts.

Coming all fresh as it did to Susan, her woman's heart, stirred by the poor little story that ended so soon, she wondered he could have delayed so long.

"Of course you must go," she said. "Think of some poor mother or sister, or betrothed, perhaps, waiting yearningly all these weeks. Hugh, you ought to have gone at once."

"König wrote—he saw to everything," Hugh answered, his voice hardening. "And I had Cis to think of. Why should I do anything that would hurry her into this unknown life?" All the feverish indecision of his late mood rushed back on him. "Even now how can one be sure that it is right—that she knows what she is facing—that you, any of you, know to what you are sending her?"

Susan got up suddenly, and her eyes seemed to blaze in the firelight.

"Do you think you are the only one who has thought of those things?" she said, with a ring of scorn—"that we have not counted the cost—that we have not tasted the sacrifice already; the giving up both for Cis and for those of us who must sit at home. Is there nothing in that—sitting at home when you would like to be out and fighting some of the great battles with the others?"

Hugh looked at her dumbly. He had not known what hidden fires burned under her calm, lofty ways, and he had thought the little kingdom of home where she ruled enough for her.

"Forgive me, Susan," he said, quite humbly, stretching out his hand across the firelit space, "I did not know."

"Oh yes," she said, quelling her agitation, and sitting down as suddenly as she had risen, "it is easy to forgive you—for how could you know? But you see, Hugh, it has been all thought out. It is the best we can do. The first steps are plain, and for the rest—the unguessed—we must wait, and trust."

In the next room it was still the unguessed that was troubling Cis. Now that her clutch on the familiar was losing its hold, how precious it all was! Her own grey city—how clear in its austere beauty; the meadows blue and misty that made a peaceful silence round her home, and that home, most of all, how passionately loved in spite of, perhaps because of, its little heroisms and gaily-met privations!

She had to feed her resolution very often by looking again at the letter in which her father gave his consent to her journey.

Philip Raeburn wrote with something of the glow of his own tropical island in his words, and they fell upon his children with the force of a command.

All this was very fine, Hugh thought, with daring young contempt. Cis was to go forth and become famous—to take everything out of life that it could yield her: to be brave—a great singer—and many other fine things, since Mr Raeburn could satisfy his soul with less than the best, and show she had gathered the material good that follows on success. She was to remember Jamaica and the niggers, and be proud to give them her earnings! Hugh felt himself almost hating his uncle's fiery enthusiasm; it seemed to him that the blessing of such a father was a very unsubstantial good as a daughter's sole equipment in life: if he had asked her whether she had money for her ticket, or settled the manner of her journey, there would have been some sense in it.

Cecilia responded with her whole heart to the words and wishes: with what better resolve could she strengthen her future, than the resolve to help her father? His sanction alone made the view possible to her, and quickened the inner impulse towards achievement.

"If I learn to sing very well, how soon shall I be able to earn any money?" she asked Herr König, whose music had a plainness that was in keeping with her mood.

"How soon? That is not what we ask." He wheeled round on his stool and frowned at her. "Not how soon shall I earn money or fame, but how best shall I do my work?"

"Yes, work comes first, but I have to think of money too," said Cis very gravely. "How long does one's training last at a Conservatorium?"

"Three years—five years. Na! That depends on many things."

"And at Poppelsdorf I shall not have quite the same chances?"

"Naturally," said Cis, looking perplexed, and he added,

"You will have good, sound private teaching, and excellent choral practise at the *Veritas*, and the opera and chamber and quartet concerts, and church music. Na, you will have enough, Fräulein, if you make good use of it."

"I will try. And do you think I will learn soon?"

As he looked at her and saw how grave and earnest she was, a smile chased away the frown.

"How soon will content you?"

"Oh, the sooner the better, of course!"

"You have the gift, Fräulein; do you want me to praise you with sugared words? You will do: you may become rich and great, but the way to richness and greatness is long and hard; and art will claim all from you in return for what she gives."

"I am willing," said Cis gently, and she smiled in spite of her solemnity. "I don't want to be rich—for myself."

Perhaps to keep her enthusiasm at the high level of her outsetting resolve, he gave her at parting the "Ungeduld" that Schubert wrote as she had sung it, hot from the heart. She put it beside the "Kinderscenen" on which he had written in his big, sprawling flourish,

Zur freundlichen Erinnerung.

in friendly remembrance. Ah, she was never likely to forget her first teacher.

Miss Bogie and Miss MacBride made their little offerings too—a soap-box, generously filled, and many little packets of tea, convenient for secretion, to supply the well-known lack of those articles 'abroad,' and other trifles—pin cushions and mats in Miss Bogie's most artistic manner, all of which Cis took with a full heart.

But she left the Schumann and the Schubert, both inscribed with her name, to be placed last of all in her travelling trunk. Perhaps when she opened it in the far country and felt the sadness inwrought with all the new experiences, the sight of this pair of singers would give her courage.

XV.

"GOING abroad,"—it is difficult for those to whom a flight across the channel is a yearly experience to understand all that it means to simple, untravelled minds. It was a great, a solemn event to the family at Battle House, when, at the turn of the year, after Christmas and its poor, half-sad gaieties, Hugh and Cecilia set out for Germany. They went by the way that was least expensive and lay nearest their own door—from Leith to Rotterdam, and thence by steamer over all the winding sinuosities of the Rhine. It is not the most luxurious way, but to those who find the pleasures of the North Sea a little trying, there remains the consolation of its cheapness.

All the household went to see the travellers off, and Cis, sobbing unrestrainedly and not at all heroic, had always after a blurred and misty vision of Miss MacBride, Miss Bogie, Aunt Jessie, and Herr König of the flying hair, making a background, as it were, to the keener grief of parting with Sue and Liddy. She was not a brave St Cecilia at the moment, but only a cowardly Cis, half-minded to betray her trust and creep home to bury the music for evermore.

But ships do not wait for one's tardy second thoughts, and the *Marmion* went out with the tide into the black night, and the real parting begun. Hugh made his cousin as comfortable as he could, untrapped her shawls, arranged her luggage, and placed a novel with an insinuating cover near her sofa. Then he went off and brought back some tea in a very thick white cup, carrying it as steadily as he could, for the sea was already a little rough

in its embrace of the ship. She could not summon up a smile at Hugh's odd, staggering gait, but she choked back her tears and drank the tea. She even said it was very good—a poor fiction to be forgiven her, for everybody knows that steamer tea is an abomination.

Then Hugh left her and went up on deck to watch the march of the stars and the long answering roll of the waters. Cecilia was very sad for a little, then her sorrow became merged in personal discomfort; the sportive North Sea had her at its mercy, and by-and-bye she could only think with entire acquiescence of sinking down, down, fathoms deep to the sandy floor, and lying there at rest with all that mighty weight of waters above her.

She heard Hugh's voice now and then enquiring for her in the next thirty-six hours, and it had an affrontingly cheerful ring in it to her sad mood, but she did not meet him again till she staggered up pale and spiritless, and saw the quaint quays on the river's brim, and the jumbled outline of Rotterdam rising before her dazed eyes. Hugh stood over her, this time with authority in his tone, and made her drink half a tumblerful of champagne. At a stronger moment she would have protested against this dreadful extravagance, but now she was obedient and drank and was revived.

In the next few hours she forgot all the hazards and perils of the voyage in the delightfulness of wandering about Rotterdam with Hugh. It was all wonderful, beautiful, an old city of enchantments; if only the home people could have been there too. Hugh laughed and protested that he had no burning desire to pilot Miss MacBride or Miss Bogie, or even Aunt Jessie through those narrow streets, that were like the wynds at home with a picturesque outlandishness added to them. They were always making marvellous comparisons; they found the green canals in whose sluggish depths the old houses bathed their feet and the little bridges that took the stagnant tide at an easy leap, quite a second Venice; they chose their Rialto and invested some decent, home-going citizen with the part of a Shylock; they prided themselves with laughter that their broad, native Doric gave them an air of speaking High Dutch with effect. Yes, the night's miseries were forgotten, and a sound of bells, pealing from some tall steeple, and carrying a clear music across the flats and far out to ships at sea, seemed to be the message of their own gladness wafted home.

Neither Hugh nor Cecilia ever forgot in after times their outsetting on the real work of life—the hours in the old Dutch city, and the longer hours, peacefully ebbing, as they slowly voyaged on the Rhine, the only passengers, as if they had chartered the steamer for themselves, when Cis sat on deck, huddled in shawls, and Hugh read to her, or they both met and braved the chill, wintry edge in the air by a quick pacing of the deck side by side. Mrs Lennox would have been horrified at Cecilia's unchaperoned condition, and perhaps for her own Susie or Ethel the position might have had its drawbacks, but the poverty and the solitude in which Cecilia and her sisters had lived, had left no room for self-consciousness; it had stripped them of all the littlenesses with which convention embarrasses life in higher places. To be brave when you could, and always true whether you could or not, and then to let other people's opinion go by, perhaps summed up Susan Raeburn's creed. It simplified life very much, and might have been recommended to Aunt Lennox, who never passed from Edinburgh to Peeblesshire without the prescribed retinue of maids and men and all the proprieties done up in a careful bundle.

So the wintry, flat-shored Rhine which they romanced into beauty, was not spoiled for Hugh and Cecilia by any thoughts of themselves. Hugh was just Hugh, dear cousin and friend, and Cis was Cis of whom he had taken a little more care than of the others, perhaps, and so was with her now. Though it was life they were sailing to meet, they were both sorry when the river highway stopped

for them at Poppelsdorf, a small, white-walled town, gay in the winter sunlight, with a swaying bridge of boats, and quays, and bastions; hotels for the rich, with luxuriant gardens dropping to the river, and church spires, and oh, what music hidden in its heart.

But the hotels with their gardens were only for the rich. Hugh would have pleaded for one more holiday—one day of being unknown; uncommitted to the new life, but Cecilia was firm.

"It will seem just as hard to-morrow," she said, as they stood on the quay with her modest luggage piled up near them, "and here is the address of my lodging." She pulled out a letter from her pocket and showed him the words she had read so often. It was in Herr König's sprawling writing which begun in one corner of the letter and ended in the other.

'To the well-born Herrn Karl Ehlers,
Merchant,
Engelgasse 3.'

"I hope," said Cis, looking at it very gravely, "that he won't think himself too well-born to take in a lodger."

"Oh, that's only a rubbishing form like the esquire we give to everybody now-a-days," said Hugh, who had been in Germany before in charge of a pupil, and was ready to air his knowledge.

Hugh was half-inclined to hope that Herr Ehlers might be too mighty to stoop to Cis after all. The holiday was at an end; the reaction had set in; the lights within and without were once more changing together.

But no such evil fortune was in store for Cecilia. The porter who had her luggage in his barrow knew the Engelgasse and the merchant too. It was but a stone's throw off; a dark street, narrow as its name implied, though with nothing of the angel in its aspect; away from the river and the gardens and the cold evening lights.

Herr Ehlers appeared to be a merchant of very miscellaneous property. Valuable bits of Dresden china, and rare old musical instruments, pictures, books, engravings, oddly mixed up with homely articles of household use, displayed themselves in the dim window. The house above looked tall and dark, and seemed to lean towards its neighbours across the way. Herr Ehlers came out of a back room at Hugh's summons; a small man, very slight, very dry, with a fine net-work of wrinkles that covered his face. He was wrapped in a *schlafrock*—that unbecoming garment that envelops so much German wisdom, and he puffed at a long pipe in the intervals of his talk.

"Ja wohl!—he knew Herr König—ein braver mann!" his small blue eyes lit up at the name with a keen light; "and he also knew the high well-born Herr Baron with whose sister Cecilia was engaged to read English. Every one knew the Herr Baron von Winterfeld and his gracious sister. The name acted like magic. Would not the Herrschaften step inside, and one might arrange? Herr Ehlers had a wife who settled all questions of rooms. Yes, to be sure there was room if the Fräulein did not mind much practice of music going on all around her. The house was full of *musikers*. Na! what a fool he was! had not Herr König said in the letter the most gracious young lady had given him that she was herself a singer?"

This little stream of talk carried them into the room behind the shop, where a shirking figure went in before them. Supper had just been eaten, and the odour of raw ham and sausages still lingered on the air. Frau Ehlers had manifestly been listening, and she understood everything; she was short and very stout, and her *morgenhaube* was not perhaps quite fresh, but she had her husband's blue eyes, with an added kindness in them.

"To be sure! Anyone whom August König recommended was more than welcome, and for music there could not be a better house in Poppelsdorf; there were teachers of everything: klavier,

flute, 'cello, and the leader of the violins in the town's orchestra, did he not live on the first floor?"

Hugh, who could but grasp the broader meaning of all this talk, grew a little impatient. "Haden't they better see the room?"

"Natürlich!" cried Frau Ehlers, when he had labourably made this explanation. She was ready for anything.

She took up a candlestick, and begged them to follow her.

Herr Ehlers went to the door with them, looked hesitatingly after them, and then retired to his shop. His dry, keen face and the long dressing-gown gave him a look of a mediaeval wizard. Cecilia afterwards found that in this wedded duet there was always but one voice heard at a time. For the moment it was Frau Ehlers who held the theme. There was stillness in the great dark house except for her voice which flowed on placidly.

"They are all at their Proben?" she said indicating the rooms where the 'cello, and clavier, and violin lurked. "Young Adler gives lessons, it is true, but he too goes to Proben when he can."

Hugh had drawn Cis's hand within his arm; to her the babble had only one meaning—all her far-reaching desires had come trooping back to her; they gathered themselves slowly in her remembrance. She had wanted to leave home, to learn music, to give her life to art, and yet—and yet—she had a vague ache at her heart.

The room into which Frau Ehlers bustled before them was large and rather gloomy, and scantily furnished after the fashion of German apartments. The floor was stained a dark chocolate brown with a very minute island of carpet placed before a large table that occupied the central space. The black iron stove looked cold and forbidding, its pipe piercing the pale coloured wall; there were a few wicker chairs; the only relieving spot of colour was a gaily-worked cushion spread over the deep window-sill, its bright crude colours taking Cis back at a leap to Miss Bogie and her embroidery frame. A drab curtain concealed a small inner room furnished with even severer simplicity; the price was correspondingly modest to be sure, and a most distinguished player on the harp had just vacated them.

Hugh thought it a very dull old nest; it looked sombre enough by the light of the flickering candle, but Cecilia had rallied her courage.

"It will do very nicely indeed," she said, "and by-and-bye when I can afford to buy a piano it will seem quite snug."

"In fact," said Hugh ironically, "our carpets and curtains and easy chairs are quite superfluous luxuries, and we have to come over here to learn the true art of life."

"Oh, I'm not a fine lady," said Cis, laughing at him, "I'm a poor teacher of English, and I've my art to think of. If I had too much cushioned ease I might forget that."

Hugh turned away abruptly, and began to talk to Frau Ehlers in his difficult German. Cecilia's girlish allusions to the service to which she was rendering her life always jarred on him. Why was she always thrusting it forward as if it were the only need of her being? Yet he trusted to her imperfect knowledge when he questioned Frau Ehlers about the price of a piano.

"That is an easy affair," she said with a good-natured laugh. "Herr Adler has a paino, and so has Herr Schroeder, the first violin; and for the matter of that there is one in the shop at this moment, an excellent tone, that the Fräulien could have at so much—"

"We'll settle all that with you to-morrow," he said quickly, for Cis was looking at them with a hint of distrust and resistance in her eyes.

"What were you saying, Hugh?" she asked, as they followed Frau Ehlers down again.

"I was settling about your coming," he answered, contenting himself with a half truth. "It's a beastly hole, but I suppose you may as well try it. König's recommendation is better than nothing."

So it was settled in a great many words that Cis

was to take possession that very night. Frau Ehlers was voluble in her assurances that the stove should be lighted at once, and the luggage carried up. "Jelte was at her Kränzhew, to be sure, but it should be done. Na! it would be *ganz bequem*. And would the Herr brother of the young lady come back and have a little supper—a *mehlspeisse*—some compote—a little cold ham?"

Hugh reddened at the word brother, but he did not correct the mistake. Then Herr Ehler took up the parable. He hoped the Fräulein would be comfortable—any one recommended by the Herr Professor—and how was the Professor? Had the English found out his genius yet? He would one day be summoned to play before the queen in her castle, that was certain—as Mendelssohn had done. Hugh was betrayed at last into feigning imperfect comprehension, in order to get away at all. For a person who looked so wise, Herr Ehlers was certainly disappointingly foolish.

"I'm afraid you'll be talked to death, my poor girl," Hugh said, when at last they stood outside in the narrow street.

"The music will drown the talk," she said gaily. "Think of a piano and a violin, and what else?—a 'cello and a harp."

"No, don't think of it," he said quickly. "It's our last night. I must start to-morrow afternoon. You are not too cold, Cis?"

No, she was not too cold, and she slid her arm into his. Yes, it was their last night; they wandered through the lighted streets, and they came out suddenly on a wide garden space where the trees stood up bare and still against the darker sky, and there was the slow, magnetic lap of the river in their ears, and the freshness of its breath in their faces. So many thoughts busied them that they talked very little.

"There is no river at home," said Cis, "but when I shut my eyes I can see the purple bank of the castle rock, and the lights in the old town climbing up and up and ending at your window, Hugh. We could see the little specks of red fire that shone out of the Castle at home, and the bit of red sky that reflected the lights of Edinburgh, yours among them, and ours. You are going to Oxford, where I can't imagine you—"

"I can imagine you very well at Herr Ehlers."

"That gives you an unfair advantage, Hugh. I ought to go back and inspect your rooms at Oxford, and make things straight between us."

"Oh, never mind the place," he answered, laughing, yet with a note of gravity in his voice; "think of me and that will do as well."

"Oh, I will be thinking about you," she answered quite simply—"about you and everybody—always. That will be my inner life."

"And the music?"

"The music of course." She spoke with rebuking gravity. "I left you all just for that."

"Look here, Cis," he spoke all at once with a fiery rush of words, "don't deceive yourself, and fancy that your art, as you call it, is going to be every thing to you, and that you can afford to lose all else for its sake. There would be no greater mistake to start with. Art makes life beautiful—yes, but it is not the whole of life—not even the best part of life. You are a woman—you have a woman's heart, and you can't stifle it or sing it down. There will come a time when all the music in the world will not satisfy you."

"Oh, don't," she said, shrinking away from him, "don't make it too hard at the outset. I know that there will be many times when the price will seem too heavy to pay, but that will be because I am a coward, not because the music falls short."

"You think, then, that it is all sufficing?"

"Why shouldn't it be if I am faithful to it?" she asked a little piteously, not understanding him; "others have found it so."

"Some day," he answered, still with that ring of hardness in his voice, "some day when you have had full time to know, I will ask you if it is enough

—this art of yours—and you will answer me truly?" His grip of her arm was almost painful.

"Surely, Hugh," she looked at him wistfully, "I have not failed in truth to you, have I?"

Hugh laughed rather untruthfully. "We shall see, we shall see which wins," he said. "Now it is time to go home. I am your brother, be pleased to remember, Cis, and we are to have supper together as a sort of house-warming. I wonder what they will give us? Raw ham, and potato-salad. I know their tricks and their manners! Have you heard that uncomplimentary proverb about *essen und fressen*, which they apply to your fatherland, Cis?"

"No," she said, puzzled as much by his sudden gaiety as she had been before by his equally capricious earnestness.

They found the stove lit and the shabby curtains drawn before the window, with a poor pretence of snugness, and a napkin placed corner-wise on the big table for the supper-tray.

Frau Ehlers, in the warmth of her welcome, had made quite a little feast; and there was tea, which the English love, as she remarked, though it bore but a remote likeness to the tea of England.

The feasting spirit was only wanting; they were not so very merry after all.

"Some day when you are a great singer you will halt by the way at Oxford, on one of your grand tours, and I will give you tea in my 'calm collegiate silences,' Cis," he said, as he stood to bid her good-night.

She looked up at him with a smile. One of her wandering neighbours had returned; the man who gave lessons, no doubt, for he was playing on the piano in the room above.

To one of her temperament it needed no very choice or exceptional circumstances to rekindle her enthusiasm; the sound of the music alone was enough to do it. It was indeed very near her, interwoven with her life. Ah, would it not always be sufficient for her needs?

Hugh was too restless to go straight to the room he had hired in a modest hotel; he walked about a little under the grey, bending sky. The streets were very quiet though it was yet early. Perhaps everybody had gone to the theatre, where the performance was not yet over. He felt himself drawn again to the river, whose solemn flow, passing on into the unpierced darkness, seemed to him to offer a fit simile of life—of his life and Cis's.

Was Cis sleeping—dreaming of many coming to-morrows? All at once Tennyson's line rose up in his mind.

"There in a clear wall'd city on the sea,
Near gilded organ pipes—her hair
Wound with white roses—slept St Cecily.
An angel looked at her."

Pshaw! Had this hateful German insistence on *Gemüth*; *Geist-Schwärmerei*—what you will in the way of feeble sentimentality—so made its claim on him already that he must quote poetry to the night? He turned and went his way quickly, stung into some sudden, whimsical self-scorn.

[To be continued.]

PHILOSOPHERS are certainly mistaken in supposing that a composer, who works according to an idea, sets himself down like a preacher on Saturday afternoon, portions out his task in the customary three parts, and works it up accordingly. The creative imagination of a musician is something very different, and though a picture, an idea, may float before him, he is only then happy in his labour when this idea comes to him clothed in lovely melodies.—SCHUMANN.

In the creations of Bellini there is a sweep of wing which betrays no ordinary singing-bird. It is a colossal nightingale, a philomel of the size of an eagle, such as there might have been in the primeval world. Yes, his music has a smack of the primeval! If not antediluvian world; and it reminds me of races of beasts which have become extinct, of fabulous kingdoms and their imperies, of impossibilities towered up heaven high, of Babylon, of the hanging gardens of Semiramis.—HERNÉ.



A MUSICAL GROTESQUE FOR CHILDREN OF ALL GROWTHS.

CHAPTER II.

Adventures by the Way.

A CROWD of legends floated through Piping Pip's brain. He had heard of the Hörsel-loch—the cavern in the Hörselberg, between Eisenach and Gotha, where for ever echoes the tumultuous roar of underground waters, and where the beautiful goddess dwells in wondrous halls. Mortals, he knew, had been led thither in strange mists of light and scents and songs, and had sometimes come thence haggard and weary, to pine in a world grown drear to them. All the old stories of the sad, happy bards came back to him—of Thomas of Ercildoune, who still drees his weird in the house of the elfin queen, whom he met beneath the Eildon Tree; of Helgi, who came back sightless from his stay with the red-vested lady of Glösisvellir; of Leonard of Basle and the serpent goddess of the golden crown; of Ussheen, who returned from the queen of Thiernah Ogíeh—the land of eternal youth—a grey, blind, helpless old man; of Tannhäuser, greatest and gladder and saddest of them all. Was this the entrance to that wonder-world or many names, and was this shadowy form one of those—some harper of the magic harp, who, when the rocky portals of the Venusberg closed upon him, had waited without, in the vain hope of re-entrance. If so, he stood upon perilous ground. At any moment the rocky barrier might be cleft and rolled away. The dark night about him might flash and kindle with the myriad torches of trooping maidens, and suddenly before him he might see the goddess herself, girt with violet lightnings, rose-crowned, irresistible. Carried away by his thoughts there seemed no absurdity in his own tadpole proportions, no possibility that the perfect goddess might greet him with no gentle laughter. In dream he was the equal of any man or any goddess. She would call to him and he would bow before her and offer his hand; and then they would minuet gracefully up to her ancestral halls, where hosts of pagan creatures would receive them. Satyrs and fauns would skip and prance before them; supple nymphs, naiads and dryads would glide and sway around them; and from all the host there would go up a great shout of "All hail, great Aphrodite! All hail, great Piping Pip!" In his enthusiasm he caught up the harp, swept his hands across the strings, and sang:—

Palace of many-hued marble,
Fragrant of sandal and cedar,
Dusked with moon shadows and lit with moon silver,
Hither I lead her! hither I lead her!
White fountains warble
And wave their white tresses;
Hyacinth, tulip, anemone, jasmine
Dream in the depth of its rich wilderness—
Cluster and tangle round terrace and basement,
Clamber and cling about high porch and casement,
Shake heavy odours of sandal and cedar,
Troll o'er the red lamps that swing in the portal,
Whisper I lead her!
What weird low music flood from the portals
Of drums and cymbals, of flutes and lyres?
What strange sweet singing do I hear ringing
Round roofs and columns, round domes and spires?
Ah, she that I lead to the perched portal
Is more than mortal, is more than mortal!

He stopped suddenly, for he thought a low sound of laughter rippled round him. There were cer-

tainly curious noises which he had not before noticed. "Is there a spirit present?" he gasped with the consciousness that an unwanted process of straitening and stiffening was going on amongst his hyacinthine locks.

"Puir body," said a voice so immediately under his feet that he started back in dismay and looked suspiciously at the ragged skeleton upon the ground.

"Art thou Thomas the Rhymer?" he asked again tremulously.

The low chuckle began again, a brief will-o'-the-wisp flight—here, there, everywhere. After it came a long rumble as of thunder, a sudden rush of air which extinguished his torch, a fierce line of sparks circling about him, swept back from trailing rocks, and then a stillness.

The weird figure had vanished; the solid wall that had barred his progress seemed to have wheeled round to hinder his retreat. He had a sense of space before him, but as yet he could discern nothing clearly. Exhausted by his poetic outburst, and by the change in his surroundings, he sank hopelessly to the ground, resigned to whatever fate might have in store for him. He tried to reflect, but could not even remember, except in confused fashion, his adventures in the valley and the cave. Then he dozed and snored as only Pip could snore—an original snore, a chromatic snore, a snore with the vibratory force of a trombone, that woke the echoes of Queerland, as the famous horn of Roland woke the mountain echoes at Roncesvalles. It created no small sensation amongst the inhabitants, who found in him a considerable addition to the local orchestra, and began to project a series of Wagnerian concerts.

When he awoke he found himself in a sort of amphitheatre amid the rocks, with a brilliant moon shining down upon him. He sat up on the back of his head and looked about him. Beside him sat an upright figure, which he at first mistook for a monolith, until it turned upon its axis with the irritating chuckle which he had heard in the cavern. Looking more closely he discovered that this unsought companion really possessed the flexibility of a huge sausage, and had moreover what appeared to be the commencements of a head, arms, and legs.

"Well, you are a funny fellow!" said Piping Pip, after a narrow scrutiny.

"As the pot said to the kettle," added the other in a deep bass voice, which formed a striking contrast to Pip's thin treble tones.

"If I could find your head, I'd punch it," shouted the irate hero.

"Hit your own, then!" said the animated bolster.

This profound reply reduced Pip to silence. He was never assertive in the presence of a mystery, and he remained for some time with his cogitative faculties immersed in cogitudinity of cogitation. His companion saw his difficulty, and broke in upon it with the question—"You don't know me, then?"

"What do you mean?" asked Pip.

"Why, I am your long lost body, your supplement, your complement, your missing link, your other self, your sympleuma, your twin!"

In the joy of this unexpected encounter, Pip was more eager to resume his intermediate section than at a somewhat later period, when, in the course of conversation, he was driven to the conclusion that his long lost body might prove a somewhat cumbersome companion. Moreover, he showed himself so deficient in intellect that Pip was doubtful if even his abundant brain could supply enough for two. But there was one thing for which he had unfeigned admiration—the strong bass voice.

"Do you sing?" he asked casually.

"I am in demand at all the concerts, operas, and church services in Queerland," said his remainder with the evident feeling that he was an important member of the body politic. "My great song is

'The Lay of the Demented Organist,' written many years ago, but one from which I still continue to receive an income." Without further invitation or prelude he began in stentorian tones:—

I was seated one day at the organ when I heard an awful wail
From a row of crotchets standing in a diatonic scale;
For the agitated tonic was disturbed to think that he
Could be the double flat of D and likewise sharp for B.

For it is a rather curious fact, as you may plainly see,
That C can be B sharp and yet the double flat of D.

And D was likewise pondering relationships with F,
Who lived a storey higher on the first space of the clef;
For if F was his (D's) treble sharp, 'twas really hard to see
The genealogic place of F when one considered B.

For it is abstrusely awkward and distinctly complicated
When everything is something else and all things are related.

And hence they all stood wailing in that diatonic scale
Till they totally lost their intervals, and turned so minim pale
That they might have passed for minims if it had not been that C
Kept murmuring in two-four time he was the sharp for B.

Which is a very curious fact, as any fool may see,
For if any note is several notes then what in thunder's E?

"Dear me! dear me!" murmured Pip getting up and pacing to and fro in an agitated manner. "It never occurred to me in precisely that light before. I really must make a note of that for the Royal Fidgets' Association. If any note is—would you kindly sing it again?"

The body did so, but the repetition over, Pip dropped his note-book and looking steadily at the place where the head was not, said very solemnly—"Well, you are a born idiot."

He was about to append an explanation, when he suddenly perceived a small imp grow purple in the face, burst into a scream of laughter, and tumble off a big mushroom on to a little one with a young couple under it, and their heads came through. Then they also grew purple and choked, clicking their little legs and big feet together in a high state of hilarity. Pip turned to his connection to ascertain the cause, and was astonished to find that this member of him was scuttling away with the convulsive contractions of an overfed caterpillar attacked by an ichneumon fly. He was about to pursue and reclaim it when a hand was laid upon his arm.

[To be continued.]

Stanzas for Music.

IV.—WHEN THE BOATS COME SAILING IN.

A cry on the heights and a cry in the town,
And a hurry of racing feet,
And a laughter and singing the whole way down
The steep of the winding street:
The doors are swung and the windows flung,
The grey gulls scream at the din,
For it's O to stand on the golden sand
When the boats come sailing in!

A gleam of white and a glow of brown
Far over the line of sea;
Full well they know that the eager town
Looks out where the boats sail free:
And what is the freight? and steer they not
straight?

And which is the boat to win?
For it's O to stand on the golden sand.
When the boats come sailing in!

The day ebbs out and the sails are black
On the gold of the evening glow;
But it's laughter and song for the men come back
With a fair wind laughing low;
And the torches gleam and the shadows stream
And merrier grows the din,
For it's O to stand on the golden sand
When the boats come sailing in.

R. M.

Accidentals.

THE *Leeds Mercury*, writing on Lord Houghton's songs, says in reference to the song, "The beating of my own heart was the only sound I heard": "In conversation with a friend not very long ago, Lord Houghton described how he had composed that song whilst riding on an Irish car from a railway station in Ireland to the house of a friend whom he was about to visit. When he arrived at the residence of his friend he committed the verses to paper, and after dinner read them to his host and the other guests. The advice given to him was to destroy the trifle as not being worthy of his reputation and his genius. He thought better of it himself, however, and sent it to London, where it was immediately published, and obtained a popularity such as few modern songs have ever gained. 'Less than twelve months after,' said Lord Houghton when relating the incident, 'I had a letter from a friend who was travelling in the United States, and who told me that as he sailed down the Mississippi he heard the slaves upon the banks of the great river singing my song, and keeping time to the refrain with their feet as they worked among the ridges of the cotton fields.'"

At the first *fête musicale* recently given at the Antwerp Exhibition, a Symphony by Sgambati, Saint-Saëns's Fourth Concerto, his Hymn to Victor Hugo, Berlioz's "Romeo e Juliette" Symphony, etc., were performed under the direction of M. Peter Benoit.

HERR VON CREYTZ has bought at Brussels the violin on which Ole Bull played. It is said to be a Gaspare di Salò of 1532, and has ornaments attributed to Benvenuto Cellini. The price given for it was £160.

THE will (dated October 2d, 1884) of Sir Julius Benedict was proved on 23d ult. by Alberto Randegger, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £6000. The testator bequeaths £500 and one-third of his furniture and effects, as she shall choose, to his wife; the articles comprising the testimonial in silver presented to him at Dudley House, to be equally divided between his wife, his son, Ernest Felix Julius Charles Benedict, and his daughter, Mrs Maria Georgina Palgrave Simpson; and complimentary legacies to his executors. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one-fourth, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children by her; one-fourth, upon trust, for his said son, for life, and then for his son Charles Julius Bradford Benedict; one-fourth to his said daughter, and one-fourth, upon trust, for his grand-daughter, Emily Boulton. He confirms the settlement made on his marriage, and declares the provision made by his will for his wife and their children is in addition thereto.

In an old Derbyshire house there is said to be a hunting horn which belonged to John of Gaunt, and which gave the right of appointing the coroner to two counties. Speaking roughly, it is from nine to ten inches long, and slightly curved. The hunters of Hunterston, in Ayrshire—the first of whom was venator to the King of Scotland—bear a similar horn on their coat of arms. Up to 1860 in a remote country the servants spoke of the coach-guard "winding his horn," and his "horn" was a long, straight tube. Blowing is the modern idiom for "winding."

In an interview, reported in the *Sunday Times*, Madame Alwina Valleria indicated her liking for certain Wagnerian rôles. She says: "I would like to play Kundry in 'Parsifal,' but the music, I fear, is rather too trying. I am in love with 'Parsifal.' I went to Bayreuth to hear two performances, and, such was the impression they made upon me that I stayed for two more. At the same time I quite believe that the effect created by 'Parsifal' in that wonderful Bayreuth theatre is of a kind which cannot be attained in any ordinary opera-house. During my stay there I received the honour of an official visit from the Abbé Liézi. He invited me to a *soirée* at his house, to which I gladly went. At first he made some of his pupils play, and finally he played himself—how exquisitely it is impossible for me to describe, but you can guess how it

impressed me. When I went away he kissed me, and said, 'Good-bye, my Senta, come again quickly to see us.' Liszt's final request was that I should sing the soprano music in his 'Legend of St Elizabeth' when it was performed in London."

SPEAKING of conductors, Madame Valleria confessed that Sir Michael Costa was her *beau idéal*. "But had he and I had our own way I should probably never have essayed one of my most successful characters, Micela, in 'Carmen.' It was Mme. Minnie Hauk's first season with Mr Mapleson, and she was most anxious for 'Carmen' to be given. But before he had finished reading the score, Costa shut it up with a bang, saying, 'This is not music!' At the same time I went with Campanini and Del Puente to give our scores back to the *impresario*. 'Micela was a *comprimario* part,' there was not a single tenor air in the whole opera; 'the Toreador was a rôle for *secondo baritone*.' Thus did we decline 'Carmen.' But Minnie Hauk was not to be daunted; she called on us all with Mr Mapleson, and by dint of persistent entreaties persuaded us into giving Bizet a trial. To her, indeed, is due all the credit of securing a performance in this country of the most popular opera we have had since 'Faust.'"

THE Viennese Lady Orchestra, which has been performing at the Albert Palace, certainly deserves a hearing on more than one account. In the first place their performances are excellent of their kind, the operatic overtures and dance pieces to be expected in the programmes of a body of players hailing from Vienna, being rendered with very considerable grace and spirit. Then the example of a disciplined body of women doing orchestral work is valuable. The musical education of women is undoubtedly dwarfed by their practical exclusion from orchestras, and if the example of the Viennese ladies were to be freely imitated, permanent good would result. Probably there would be less futile hammering of pianos, but no one would weep for that. On August 15th the Viennese Lady Orchestra received a presentation of sixty bouquets from an enthusiastic and anonymous English admirer, "as an humble tribute of appreciation of the rare musical treat daily afforded to his countrymen."

MR FREDERICK CORDER, well known as a contributor to musical journals, is at present engaged in composing an opera. The advent of another English composer in the operatic world will be waited with interest.

SEÑOR SARASATE, who is to play the new violin concerto, written expressly for him by Mr Mackenzie, at the Birmingham Festival, has been receiving ovations in his native town of Pampeluna.

THE "Mikado" has had several unchallenged productions in America. It is said that much of the work is barely recognisable, and the staging, on which Mr Gilbert is known to lavish excessive pains, is slovenly in the extreme. This is adding injury to injury.

AMONG the numerous pamphlets published in Germany in connection with the bicentenary of Handel are three interesting papers by Julius Otto Opel, entitled respectively, "Die Hofoper unter dem Administrator Herzog August in Halle," "Der Kammerdiener Georg Handel und sein Sohn Georg Friedrich," and "Die Hallischen Häuser der Familie des Tondichters Handel." All are full of curious details, and deserve the attention of the admirers of the old master.

THE first prize for violin-playing at the Conservatory of Music, Vienna, has been awarded to Friedrich Kreisler, aged ten, and son of a medical practitioner in that capital.

FRAULEIN MALTEN, the well-known Wagnerian singer, is said to have been studying the "Walküre" in Italian, under Lamperti's direction, in Dresden. She will appear this winter in that opera in Rome, where there is a proposal to give it in Italian!

THE "Ball" with which it was long the practice to wind up the Birmingham Festival, was abolished in 1858. The financial success of the Festivals had never been disturbed, and the growth of the Festival in musical importance doubtless brought home to the Directors what they probably had long felt that the Terpsichorean conclusion was a little out of place.

Foreign Notes.

THE Swedish "Litteris et Artibus" Medal has been conferred by King Oscar on Wilhelmj, the violinist.

WILHELMJ, who has been paying a short visit to his friends in London, has returned to Wiesbaden. He will make an extended Scandinavian artistic tour during the winter.

JULES MASSENET is announced to conduct at the Opera-house, Penth, his *Herodiade*, and Léo Delibes, his *Sylvia*.

THE composer, Domenico Pinuti, a brother of Ciro Pinuti, has been created a Knight of the Order of the Italian Crown. He is created, although his part is small, in the opera *Il Trovatore*, which he has just composed.

HERR CARL ZÖLLER, Mem. Roy. Acad. St Cecilia, Rome, Bandmaster 7th Queen's Own Hussars, has been elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Institute of Music, Florence.

IN consequence of the eighth Congress of the "Association Littéraire Internationale" being held in Antwerp from September 19th to 25th, instead of at Madrid as originally proposed, the Musical Congress fixed for August 8th and following days at Antwerp, has been postponed until September 19th and following days.

THE conductor of the Milan Opera Company, which has been touring successfully in America, will shortly visit Europe for the purpose of engaging some fresh artists.

THE New York Musurgia Society offers a prize of 100 dollars for the first, and a prize of 50 dollars for the second best four-part song, with or without accompaniment, all composers resident in the United States being eligible to compete.

THE Festival organized by the united "Liedertafeln" of North Germany passed off most successfully at Bremerhaven. An active part in it was taken by more than six hundred singers from Berlin, Brunswick, Bremen, Hanover, Magdeburg, Oldenburg, Osnabrück, Wolfenbüttel, and a number of other North German towns. The grand procession took place on the 19th July, and the Festival concluded with an excursion to Heligoland.

HISTORIES of music are becoming plentiful, there being in fact at present about as much examination into the past of the art as there is speculation as to its future. The latest Historian is M. Felix Clement, whose "Histoire de la Musique depuis les Temps Anciens" has lately been issued by Hachette & Co. M. Saint-Saëns's "Harmony and Melody" is also said to be in type.

HERR BRAMBACH of Bonn has had the good fortune to obtain the prize of 1000 dollars offered by the North American Vocal Association, Milwaukee, for the best composition for solo-singers, men's chorus, and orchestra.

THE firm of Ricordi of Milan are doing admirable service to music by their spirited publishing enterprises, and it is with pleasure we hear that the health of Giulio Ricordi, the head of the firm, is completely restored. His illness has been long and dangerous.

A PROPOSAL has been started to organise in Bucharest a National Opera-house exclusively for operas composed by Rumanians, and sung by artists of the same nationality. There seems to be a good deal of crude patriotism finding expression at present in musical circles. Probably this is, in part, the reaction from the long domination of one school of opera.

SAMUEL JACKSON, who first introduced Minnie Hauk to public notice, died at his residence, in Brooklyn, from softening of the brain, on Monday, July 27, aged 67. He was noted as a composer of church music, and was, besides, an organist of rare ability, an eminent teacher, and a thoroughly schooled theoretical musician.

FROM the report issued by the Raff Conservatory at Frankfort-on-Maine, for the scholastic year, 1884-85, it appears that the institution was attended by 107 female and 45 male students, while the professional staff consisted of 16 teachers, one being a lady. Dr. Hans von Bülow, moreover, the honorary president, gave, during the month of June, a course of instruction for the advanced students. The programme of the course was more comprehensive than such programmes generally are, including works by Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Raff, and Brahms.

THE operatic season at the German National Theatre, Prague, under the management of Angelo Neumann, commenced on the 2d inst. with Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The novelties promised are *Der Trompeter von Säckingen*, by Nessler; *Une nuit de Clotilde*, by Massé; *Sylvana* (in the arrangement of Pasqué and Langer), by C. M. v. Weber; and the first two "Nibelungen Evenings," *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*.

THE Paris paper *La France* relates the following interesting story of a whilom second bandmaster of the ex-Imperial Guard, now a general of division in the Persian Army. The individual in question, named Lemaire, entered in 1855 the Paris Conservatory, which he left in 1863, after carrying off the prizes for flute and harmony. He was second bandmaster in the Voltigeurs of the Guard, when he received an offer from Marshall Neil, Minister of War, to go to Persia, where the Shah had resolved to re-organize his military bands. Eagerly accepting the offer, the young man set out for the country of the Thousand and One Nights, where he still is. On reaching Teheran, he found His Majesty's bands in a wretched state. In a few years he re-arranged the course of musical instruction, or rather first introduced such a course; he established the Imperial Orchestra and reformed all the bands in the Persian army. In appreciation of what M. Lemaire had done, the Shah has showered on him favours and promotion—having raised him to the rank of general. It must be added that M. Lemaire has rendered great services to Europeans whose fortunes and wanderings have led them to Persia.

THERE is now little doubt that a permanent Beethoven Museum will soon be opened at Vienna. A large number of objects formerly belonging to the great Master have already been collected, and presents of more are being made every day to the committee.

ACCORDING to report, *Siegfried* will be put in rehearsal very soon after the re-opening of the Berlin Royal Opera-house. The character of Siegfried will be sustained alternately by Herren Niemann and Ernst, and that of Wotan by Herren Betz and Kropf. Herr Lieban will be Mime; Mme. Voggenhuber, Brünnhilde; and Mdle. Leisinger, the Wood-Bird.

Tristan and Isolde was recently performed at the Court Theatre, Sondershausen, for the first time there.

THE performances at the German Opera in New York next winter will include "Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," "Die Walküre," and "Götterdämmerung." Herr Anton Seidl has succeeded the late Dr. Damrosch as conductor.

THE dates fixed for the performance of the great tetralogy at Munich are September 8th, 9th, 11th, and 13th.

Evenings in the Orchestra.

By HECTOR BERLIOZ.

TENTH EVENING.

Some Words on the Present State of Music, its Faults, its Misfortunes, and its Chagrins. The Institution of the Tack. A Victim of the Tack.

A French opera is being performed, &c., &c. On entering the orchestra, after the overture, I find the musicians (excepting the players on the big drum and the tambour) listening to the reading of a brochure, which provokes much mirth.

"We made you mortals yesterday, by taking the opera houses of Paris and London as the subject of conversation," said Dimsky, taking me by the hand, "but here is something that will rekindle your good humour. Hear what this amusing skit, by an anonymous compatriot of yours, makes of the actual state of music in France! The writer's ideas are not unlike yours, and add weight to what you have already said on this subject."

"Go on with the reading, Winter."

"No, the audience would laugh at my English accent."

"Yankee! you mean to say your American accent."

"You read then, Corsino."

"I have an Italian accent."

"You, Kleiner."

"I have a German one; read yourself, Dimsky."

"I have the Polish accent."

"Get along now; I see there is a conspiracy to make me read the brochure, under pretext that I am French. Give it to me!"

Winter handed me the book, and, during the performance of a long trio, sung as it deserved to be. I read what follows:—

SOME WORDS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC, ITS FAULTS, ITS MISFORTUNES, AND ITS CHAGRINS.

The present time is but little favourable, one knows, to the progress of the arts; as Music can scarcely stir herself, she sleeps! It might even be said she is dead, were it not for a feverish movement of the hands, which open widely and shut convulsively as if seizing something in sleep. Then she dreams and breaks out into talk. Her mind is full of strange visions; she calls upon the minister of the interior; she threatens, she complains.

"Give me money," she cries in a hollow, guttural voice, "give me more money, or I shut my theatres, and offer unlimited holidays to my singers; and, faith! Paris, France, Europe, the world and the government will settle affairs afterwards as they best can. The paying public do not come to me, is it my fault? Ah! if I had but enough to buy the auditors, you would see the crowd there would be at my feet, and commerce and the arts would again flourish, the universe would be born again to joy and health, and then we could laugh together at these insolent virtuosi, at these proud composers, who pretend that I have not within me the spirit of art, and that my title is only a lie." But the minister laughs at her menaces, and poot-poots her complaints; he buries in the remotest depths of his pocket the key of his strong box, and replies tranquilly with terrible good sense: "Yes, I appreciate your reasons, my poor Music, you wish to be indemnified for your losses, on condition that if ever you made profits you should keep them. That is an agreeable, excellent, perfect system for you; I admire it, but I abstain from putting it in practice. Make these propositions to thieving monarchs, to knavish emperors, to absolute sovereigns rolling in gold wrung from the people, and not to the ministers of a young republic, affected from birth with certain constitutional weaknesses demanding incessant care. And in our times of cholera doctors are dear! Besides, these heads of government guileless of liberty, equality, and fraternity, these kings, since it is necessary to give them a title, did not surrender at the first word of your irreverent summons. They have in their abundant idleness consecrated much time to arts and to literature; some of them long knew you, my ancient Music, and made no allowance for any of your faults. They were capable of saying to you: if people of good society avoid you, Mademoiselle, it is because you are too often in the

company of the bad. If your purse is empty, it is because you have wasted your substance on trumperies, on *parures* of doubtful taste, on tinsel and brilliants—costly rubbish, yet fit only for the rope dancer. If to-day your affairs are involved, if your enterprises fail, if you are a common jest, if you have even to face ruin itself, you must blame alone your readiness to accept the worst counsel and your obstinate rejection of common-sense warnings. Besides, from among whom did you choose your counsellors, your managers, your spiritual directors? Fool that you are! is it not plain to you that those who surround you are your cruellest enemies? Those who care for nothing in the world, have still some hate to bestow, because they are forced to feign a love for you; others detest because they do not understand you, inwardly feeling the shame of fulfilling functions for which they are unfitted; others again, once your admirers, now are full of hate and scorn, because they have found you out. For shame! you are a senseless prostitute! a true daughter of the *Opéra*, a business woman, as Voltaire said, without meaning business, reckless in the choice of her comptrollers and with a confidence in them bordering on stupidity. What would you say, if a state like England, for example, entrusted the commands of her navy to a Parisian dancer, who has only seen rigging and cording in the theatre, or to a drunk peasant incapable of directing the towing on the Saône? Enough! Enough! Do not come near us; your solicitations weary us; if you were what you ought to be, sensible, intelligent, impassioned, devoted, enthusiastic, proud, and courageous; if you had energetically kept all these people in their places, and better maintained your own; if you had preserved something of your noble extraction; if there were still anything of the princess in you, then kings would come to your aid, and welcome you to their courts; but it is not in the neighbourhood of kings that an asylum for such creatures as you may be found. You have not now even the seduction of vulgar charms. Pale and wrinkled you have ended by painting your face in blue, white, and red, like a savage. Soon you will blacken the eye-lids, and carry rings of gold in your nose. Your talent has undergone the same metamorphosis. You no longer sing, you vociferate. What is the meaning of these mannerisms of forcing the voice on each note, of stopping with a howl upon the last note but one of each melodic period, as if that were the syllable upon which the singer placed the sense of the piece, as if that were the measure expressive of the intention and ensemble of the author? What do you mean by the liberties that you take with the finest texts, suppressing the highest and lowest notes, to ensure every melody being within the five or six tones of your middle register—tones which you inflate, and then gasp for breath, so that the song really resembles those lamentable ditties sung by wandering tramps, or the drunken clamours of the public-house Orpheus! Tell me where you have learned, thrice silly one, that it was lawful to hash a melody, and to write metres fourteen feet long, suppressing the elisions in order to breathe oftener. What language do you speak? is it that of Auvergne or Low Breton? The people of Clermont and Quimper do not acknowledge it. You are perhaps in the third stage of consumption, and thus under an especial necessity of taking time while giving out chest notes; if not, what is the cause of that continual retardation in the entries, and in the attack, thus destroying all regularity and steadiness, dolorously asphyxiating your audience, and painfully contrasting with the precision of the orchestra; leading, moreover, in ensemble work to a frightful hurly-burly of different rhythms, like the diverse ticking of clocks out of repair in a watchmaker's shop. Are you decently careful to secure the indispensable accord between instruments and voices, unfortunate degenerate Muse, when, in your operas, in deference to your stage workmen, who despise you all the same, you allow the choristers to be placed at a distance from the orchestra, thus making rhythmical agreement impossible? Where is your head when you pretend to keep together the four parts of a quartet, one on the stage, the basses in the postcénium, forty steps from the former, whilst the altos and tenors, hidden behind the wings, cannot, thanks to the processions and to dancing groups who surround them, perceive on the horizon of the slope the mere end of the conductor's bow? But to say that you even pretend to establish an ensemble in a quartet thus placed, is to flatter you strangely. You make no pretence of it. On the contrary, the odious sloppiness and the resulting cacophonies find you quite indifferent. However, this indifference has driven away many people, and the number of these rebels, added to the discontents whom

you weary, compose a formidable public, which refrains from entering your doors. We have only spoken to you of your faults in the theatre; it would take too long to bring under your eyes all that you practise elsewhere. Go, you excite our pity, but we keep our gold for what is more worthy. Eh, what! menaces! . . . Wearisome fool! . . . off with you! who hinders you? The State will survive your absence. We will regret you? . . . No, you are

"A little too bitter in speech, and too impatient."

That is a charming compliment with which these pitiless sovereigns might well turn you from their doors. We, republicans, of proved patriotism, and accustomed to hear false singing, will be less rude to you. We will not force you to quit beautiful France, and you will be free to die here of a natural death, when you have no longer heart and home."

Music, opening her eyes and weeping: "Yes, I will die, and of a slow and ignominious death; I no longer doubt it. You imagined that I slept, but I have heard only too well your terrible charges. And yet, is it humane of you, *Monsieur le Ministre*, is it even just to reproach me with the relations I must bear, the false friends I must receive, who, treating me more and more as a slave, give me distasteful orders, and impose their most foolish whims on me? Is it I who have desired these terrible associates? Are they my choice, or that of your predecessors who have delivered me over to them, enchained and defenceless? You cannot deny it; on that side at least I am innocent. I know that my threats of *Clôture* are ridiculous; it was by force of habit that I repeated them just now. Alas! I have only too well learned it lately! I have shut my theatres under pretext of repairs, and the Parisians are as disturbed as people might be concerning the repairs on the great Chinese wall. You reprove me for my vocal excesses; you are right, I feel it in my heart; but for the last ten years these have been necessary to existence in Italy. In France, where the public at the theatres is represented by hirelings in the centre of the pit, I can only exist by flattery, and these corruptions of song suffice to ravish. If I do not excite the applause of these people, I would receive none other; it would then be said I had no success; from that the conclusion would be drawn that I had no talent; the public who heard this said would believe it and desert me. Whence my misery and my despair! Oh! you do not know, you will never know, *Monsieur le Ministre*, what it is to cry in the desert.

"You are assured an audience, highly paid by the nation, for your most insignificant discourse, and I would only be too happy to have the numbers present even at the most poorly attended meetings of representatives. There, at least, if you are often interrupted, challenged, abused, you have a proof that you are listened to more or less excitedly, and that one is either strongly for or strongly against your ideas; it may be torture often, but it is life. In the theatres, my heart is bruised by that supreme disdain, that outrageous indifference of a public interested in everything but myself; a public which believes itself *blasé*, and yet has never felt anything; which knows everything, like Molière's marquis without having learnt anything, a public clever only at raillery, never deigning to hiss my follies, because that appears to it bad taste, or gives it too much trouble, or perhaps, I shudder at the thought, because it does not notice them. You are just going to tell me, I know, that all these reasons are insufficient to justify the shameful vices to which I know I am addicted; you will cite a celebrated aphorism of the greatest of poets, and you will repeat with him that it is better to merit the approval of only one man of taste, than to excite by unworthy arts the applause of a room full of vulgar spectators. Alas! the poet has put that noble sentiment in the mouth of a young prince to whom the pangs of hunger, cold, and misery were unknown; and I will reply as the players to whom the advice was given would have replied if they had dared: who suffers more than I from the abasement? But the necessities of life imperiously lay it on me, and I could not even obtain the approval of only one man of taste if I were non-existent. Let my life be assured, I do not say brilliant, as was that of the Danish prince, and I will accept his excellent words and example. There are in Europe, *Monsieur le Ministre*, some States in which I am free if not protected. In France, on the contrary, if some more or less insufficient money sacrifices are made for some of my theatres, it seems every endeavour is used to paralyse all the disinterested efforts I essay outside the dramatic forms. In place of aid, I am fettered in a thousand ways, gagged and opposed by

prejudices worthy of the middle ages. Here, it is the clergy who hinder me from singing God's praises in the churches, prohibiting the women from taking part in my most solemn manifestations; there, it is the municipality of Paris who cause a musical education to be given to the children and to young men of the working class on the express condition that they shall make no use of it. They learn for learning's sake, and not to employ what they know; like the workmen in the first national workshops who were ordered to dig holes in the ground, to draw out the earth and to carry it back next day to fill up the holes made in the evening. Then, when I make an appeal to the public for the performance of some long meditated work, written to the mind only of that small number of men of taste, of whom the poet speaks, and with the sole object of producing on the great day what appears good to me, I am liable to be stripped in the name of the law, to be struck down by an exorbitant tax, while I may at the same time be sardonically informed; 'You have done wrong to make complaints, for the law authorises us to extinguish you outright.' Yes, from the receipts which scarcely cover the expenses, an eighth-part is exacted, although it might legally be a fourth. I suppose I ought to show myself grateful when having the right to break both legs, only one is broken. That is true, *Monsieur le Ministre*, I exaggerate nothing. On the accession of liberty, equality, fraternity, I believed for an instant in my emancipation; I deceived myself. When the hour of deliverance came for the negroes, I again allowed myself to hope; again to be deceived. It was decided that in France, under the monarchy as well as under the republic, I ought to be a slave content to drudge. When I have wrought seven days, I cannot rest on the eighth, since I owe it to my master, the farmer, who has a right to demand more. No one has ever thought of saying to the cobblers: 'You have just made eight pairs of shoes, two of them you owe to the state which is good enough only to take one.' Why, *Monsieur le Ministre*, is not musical art put on a plane with the cobbler's art? What have I done to France? In what have I offended? How have I merited such cruel and persistent oppression? And what renders this oppression more cruel and more inexplicable still, is that France has posed before the eyes of Europe as one surrounding me with care and affection. She has, indeed, established such institutions as our beautiful Conservatoire, and the annual composition prize bestowed by the Academy of Fine Arts, which produce some zealous disciples for me, if not prophets; but scarcely is their education half-finished, scarcely has the sentiment of the beautiful, with its twilight illuminated their souls, than other adverse institutions have reduced these results to nothingness, and thus given to the benefits which I receive an air of evil mystification.

"Charlet, the humorist painter, was doubtless thinking of it when he drew his charming design of the 'Hussars marauding.' It shows two hussars at the door of a hen-house; one holds a bag of hemp seed from which he throws the contents before the narrow door, calling in a soft voice: 'Little ones! little ones!' The other armed with his sword cuts off with a blow the heads of the unfortunate fowls whenever they present themselves.

"Look again at this drawing, *Monsieur le Ministre*, and meditate some moments on the meaning of the allegory. Alas! it is only too clear. The grains of hemp are the prizes of the Conservatoire and the Academy; you know who gives the sabre thrusts, and my children are the turkey-cocks who are thus left to be decapitated; but were they eagles, they would none the less perish."

Le Ministre was moved: "My child, you are perhaps right; I was, for the most part, ignorant of the details which you have just given me. I will consider them, and endeavour that in the future you are, at least, made equal with the cobblers. This appears to me only just, but do not tie yourself merely to the material side of the question. As to the other—the moral and æsthetic side—as your dear Germans say, do not forget this: that the time will perhaps come in which foolish whims and caprices will no longer be imposed on you; when your directors will really comprehend your interests and bind themselves in your defence; when the keepers of your conscience will no longer inflict humiliating and ridiculous penitences; when you will be forced no more to cohabit with your deadly enemies; when hirelings will no longer make use of your theatres as a public office; when the public whom you perhaps discourage and displease to-day, will bear a warm sympathy towards you; but in the meantime change your ways and your society as fully, your manners and your language as completely as you can at once. Do not forget that it is a gross error to

suppose that painful exertions, shrieks, violences, incorrect rhythm, vagueness of form, lack of symmetry, outrages on expression and language, excess of ornaments, tumult, bombast or wheedling, are alone capable of moving a room, full even of vulgar spectators. They are frequently enthralled, it is true, by means which people of good sense and good taste disapprove, but they are not beyond the influence of a true inspiration when it is manifested at once with grandeur and energy; they would not care for you to be too sublime. Perhaps disappointed the first day, astonished the second, charmed the third, they would finish by being infinitely obliged to you. Have we not already seen, do we not even yet see on very rare occasions, that public, which after all is not exclusively composed of the kind of spectators so much mistaken by the poet, applauding loudly and enthusiastically, really fine works, by virtuosos of great talent? No, on that side you have nothing to fear; the education of the *habitués* of your theatres is now fairly advanced; do not restrain yourself; be sublime, and I guarantee everything. You have asked me to meditate on the ingenious design of Charles Fontaine's fable of the 'Carter sunk in the Mud.' Read it again, the end especially:

"Don't whine, and go upon your knees,
If you want help from Hercules:
Seek out the thing which blocks your way;
Clear from your wheels the mire and clay
Which loads them to the axle chock-full;
Take out your pick and break that rock, fool!
Fill up that rut! Is't done, you whelp, you?"
'Yes,' says the man.

'Well, now I'll help you;
Just crack your whip!' 'Hullo! the cart is moving!
Thanks Hercules, at last there's no more shoving!
'You see the horses find it easy work:
God helps self-helpers, not the saints who shirk."

"Well, what do you say?" said Winter to me, laughing.

"I say that the brochure, full of humorous verve and of sad truths as it may be, will have produced in Paris no more effect than my revelations of last night would produce if they were printed. In Paris, anything may be said, as one can reckon on the mind retaining nothing. Criticism passes, the evil remains. Sarcasms, arguments, just complaints, slip from the mind of the people like drops of water from the feathers of a duck. . . ."

"But, gentlemen, why does your *capellmeister* strike in that manner on his music stand?"

"The tenor was inclined to slacken the time in that duet, and the conductor did not wish it. Our chief has something in him."

"I think so, too. But do you know that these taps with the baton which he has given occasionally this evening are in constant use in the Opera in Paris?"

"Really?"

"Yes. And their effect is much more disagreeable, as the conductors strike not on their desks, but on the top of the prompter's box placed in front of them, which at each blow resounds, and tortures terribly the unfortunate prompter. One is said to have died from the effects."

"You joke!"

"No. Twenty years ago, Habeneck, having remarked that those on the stage paid little attention to his conducting, never even looking at him, and consequently often failing to take their *entrées*, adopted in default of an appeal to the eyes, a warning through the sense of hearing by striking with the end of his bow, which he used in conducting, thus producing the blow which wood upon wood gives—*Tack!* Above the more or less harmonious tumult of the other instruments this sound makes itself heard. That bar preceding the bar in which the voices or instruments enter, is now the most imperative need of all the executants of the theatre. It is this bar beaten by the conductor which warns each one to begin, which indicates the principal effects as well as the *nuances*. Is it the lead of the soprano, *tack!* you ladies! Have the tenors to take up the same theme two bars afterwards, *tack!* you gentlemen! Have the children ranged in the middle of the stage to intone a hymn, *tack!* come children! If from a singer, male or female, intensity is wanted, *tack!* feeling, *tack!* dreaminess, *tack!* spirit, *tack!* precision, *tack!* *tack!* *tack!* The first dancer would not dare to take his flight for a solo dance without the *tack!* The first *dansseuse* would feel herself neither elastic nor airy, her smile would have the character of a

grimace without the *tack*. Every one waits for this very little signal; without it, to-day no one would be able to move or make himself heard on the stage; singers and dancers would remain silent and motionless, like the court of *la Belle* in the sleeping wood. But, this is very disagreeable to the audience and little worthy of an establishment which aspires to an elevated rank amongst the musical and choregraphic institutions of Europe. Moreover, this has caused the death of an excellent man; consequently it is still adhered to.

(To be continued.)

Humoreque.

DUMB pianos are all very well in their way, but what we want to see is a piano that has self-respect enough to hit back at the man who pounds it.

AN anxious inquirer asks: "Where would you advise me to go to learn how to play the piano?" To the woods, dear; to the deep, dark, damp, dank, dangerous woods.

THE restaurateur at the Theodore Thomas concerts in Chicago gives some queer facts about the effect of the music of different composers. He is quoted as saying:—"On Wagner nights we sell five times the amount of beer sold on any other night, and the number of pretzels and seed cakes consumed is enormous. On Mendelssohn nights there is a notable falling off in the demand for ham sandwiches. I make a profit of 85 per cent. on every ham sandwich I sell. This man Mendelssohn does not strike me as being very much of a musician, anyway. Strauss is the best friend I find in my business, for he creates a demand for wine. There's nothing like a Strauss waltz to make a man feel rich, and to reconcile a woman to the utmost limit of human vanity."

WAGNER used to relate the following episode with much gusto: Early in the morning a military band had played an *aubade* outside the hotel where he was staying. Of course he could not but imagine that this was meant for him, and he therefore went downstairs in order to express his thanks to the bandmaster. Much to his astonishment, he learned, however, that the morning music was not intended for him, but for a general who was staying at the same hotel. The incident was speedily known to the general, who immediately sent for the bandmaster, scolded him for being so devoid of tact, and ordered him instantly to play another *aubade* in honour of the great composer.

Sir Arthur Sullivan writes best, according to his own account of himself, by night when there are no interruptions. This is a shockingly unoriginal method of writing. Gluck, to stimulate his imagination to the due height of the *Aulis* and *Tauris*, worked in the open air, exposed to the sun, his piano before him and two bottles of champagne by his side. Sarti preferred a vast and vacant chamber, illumined by a lugubrious single lamp suspended from the ceiling, finding his inspiration, like Mr Sullivan, by night; but Salleri used to hurry through the most frequented streets of the town, eating bonbons, and keeping his tablets in his hand in order to preserve any happy ideas that came to him. Parr wrote "Camille," "Sargines," and "Achilles" while jesting with his friends, growling at his children, ordering his domestics, disputing with his wife and his cook, or caressing his dog and his amanuensis. Cimarosa also loved noise, and liked, when he composed, to have his friends about him, writing thus his "Les Horaces et les Curiaces" and "Le Mariage Secret." Sacchini could only find melodies in the neighbourhood of his Dulcinea, and when his cats frolicked around him. Paisiello always went to bed to compose, his "Nina," "Barbier de Seville," and "La Molinara" being all born between the sheets. Zingarelli found it necessary to read a passage from the Holy Fathers, or from some Latin classic, before he commenced work, but then he would improvise an entire act of his "Pyrrhus" and "Julietta e Romeo" at a sitting of three or four hours. Anfossi, or Anfossi's brother, who died young, could only compose when surrounded with roast capons, smoking sausages, and stewed hams. The higher musicians had similar whims, but these lie outside the Pinafore sphere.

UNTIL now we have had three principal schools of music—Italian, French, and German. How will it be when other nations step in, even from Patagonia?—Schumann.

Notices of New Music.

BEMROSE & SONS, 23 OLD BAILEY.

Singing in Schools. By Alfred B. Haikins. An admirably arranged manual for school purposes. With this in his hand, and observing the requisite patience, the teacher might reckon on excellent results. We do not know any similar manual in which the method is at once so lucid and thorough. The author writes with ample knowledge, and obviously has himself put to the test what he recommends.

J. CUXWEN & SONS, 8 WARWICK LANE.

Queen Victoria and Her Reign. This is a biographical and historical account, interspersed with four part songs. The readings and verses are by Mr Foxwell, who has not always steered clear of controversial matter in his history. The verses, which have been arranged by Mr Coward, contain much blameless sentiment.

F. PITMAN, 20 PATERNOSTER ROW.

Musical Artists' Lecturers', &c., Directory for 1885-86. The new issue of this useful volume contains all the features that have won favour for its predecessors. To public entertainers and managers it must be a great boon.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO., 54 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

Esmé. A waltz by Erskine Allon, which exhibits greater effort to obtain freshness of harmonisation than novelty of melody.

Two Sets of Dances. The same writer shows in these dances a desire to escape hackneyed forms. Decidedly worth attention by those who seek more than mere tune. *Vanessa*, from the same pen, invites a similar remark. It has to be commended for its freer phrasing, which pleases the dancer who has a feeling for rhythm extended over more than one bar.

W. J. WILLCOCKS & CO., BERNER STREET.

Marche Joyeuse. Dedicated to Princess Beatrice, in commemoration of her marriage: by the Countess of Munster. A march which will be viewed with interest on account of its associations. It has musical qualities to recommend it in addition.

J. WIGHTMAN & SON, EDINBURGH.

The Channel Stane—A Curling Song. Arranged by George Croll. Expresses, in tolerably stirring strains, the fraternal sentiment aroused by the game. Curlers will have time to learn the chorus before the ice appears.

WOOD & CO., EDINBURGH.

On the Banks of Almond Water. New words rather needlessly set to the air "Allan Water."

HOWARD & CO., GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

Tarantella. By William Blakeley. A good digital exercise.

MARRIOTT & WILLIAMS, OXFORD STREET.

On Fancy's Wings I fly to Thee. By C. E. Brookman. A feeling for melody is displayed here, and of a thoroughly popular order.

SWAN & CO., 4 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

Gavotte Grotesque. By G. Hubi Newcombe. Easy to play, and with a catching theme.

HUTCHINGS & ROMER, BLENHEIM HOUSE.

Ballyshannon. A dance piece possessing sufficient spirit and unmistakable Hibernian quality. Also by Mr Newcombe.

B. WILLIAMS, 19 PATERNOSTER ROW.

Old Virginny. Mr Newcombe here appears with a dance piece presumably based on negro music. It has some distinctly fresh effects. *Mira Gitana*, a gipsy dance, is extremely happy in its suggestions. The introduction of the musette secures the right old-world flavour.



THE HARMONIUM.—IV.

To the beginner there is always a certain fascination about the stops of a harmonium—a fascination not wholly dissimilar from the attraction which a child feels towards a doll which squeaks when squeezed. In the command of a fairly wide range of diverse tonic qualities there is a sense of power by no means always borne out by dexterity in use or knowledge of their value in combination. It is not long before the greed for stops grows upon a man. If his instrument has only one row of vibrators with the expression and two forte stops, he pines for two, then three, then more in arithmetical progression. Even when he becomes the possessor of one of the more complex instruments, such as that with seven rows of vibrators and percussion action, he is scarcely content. Not wholly without reason, for he is no musician if he fails sooner or later to chafe against the limitations of his instrument as an exponent of subtle musical feeling.

Possibly he may feel some depression because there are no more stops to conquer, but if he sets himself to develop his powers within the resources which he has at command, he will find that more expressive combinations can be employed than at first seemed possible. Let us take for instance one of the more complex instruments on the principle that the greater includes the less. The seven-rowed percussive harmonium referred to will probably exhibit the following stops: In the centre the Grand Jeu (G) and the expression stop (E) affecting the whole instrument, and on either side of these—

LEFT.	RIGHT.
Percussion	Percussion
Cor Anglais (1)	Flute (1)
Bourdon (2)	Clarinet (2)
Clarion (3)	Fife (3)
Bassoon (4)	Oboe (4)
Harpe Eolienne (5)	Musette (5)
—	Voix Celeste (6)
—	Baryton (7)
Forte (o)	Forte (o)

The student will soon discover for himself that single stops are not operative throughout the whole length of the keyboard, and that some care is needed in selection to prevent a jolt in the tonic quality in the passage from one octave to another. The pitch of the various stops is usually indicated by one of the expressions—two, four, eight, sixteen, or thirty-two feet. The eight-foot pitch is the normal pitch; in other words, if you have drawn an eight-foot stop the notes sound exactly as they are written. The stops of four-foot pitch on the other hand practically result in the production of tones an octave higher than the note depressed; while a stop of sixteen-foot pitch gives sounds an octave lower than the notes written or depressed. Stops of thirty-two-foot pitch give a sound two octaves lower. Of the stops mentioned, the Flute, Cor Anglais, Oboe, and Bassoon, are stops of eight-foot pitch, the Fife and Clarion four, the Harpe Eolienne two; the Voix Celeste, Clarinet, Musette, and Bourdon are stops of sixteen, the Baryton of thirty-two-foot pitch. It is clear that if you employ a bass stop of sixteen-foot pitch like the Bourdon with a treble stop of eight-foot pitch like the Flute there will be an awkward break in the tonic sequence.

I have already indicated that for all normal purposes the Flute and Cor Anglais (1) (1) are sufficiently effective. Stops, like individuals, possess temperament, and are by no means equally facile and tractable. It is impossible to extract from a stop of sluggish temperament any satisfactory quick or light work, though they furnish admirable weight in slower work. The Flute and Cor Anglais are the most generally workable stops, satisfying in respect of tonic quality, and more responsive to swift demands than many of their neighbours. They are sociable stops, too, working well in many combinations. The Clarinet and Bourdon (2) (2) are rounder and heavier in tone, with more body in them, in respect of quality considered, apart from the fact that they are of 16 feet pitch. It is, of course, possible to secure from them sounds of the same pitch as the Flute and Cor Anglais by carrying the hands an octave higher up the keys, a course which will sometimes be desirable when a heavier tone is wished without lowering of pitch. The Clarinet is an exceedingly useful and popular stop in solo work, whether it be employed alone or in combination with other stops, lending richness and mellowness to the air. In such cases the Bourdon is somewhat heavy as a bass, and the Cor Anglais (1), in combination with the Clarinet (3), will furnish a sufficient backing. Even where the air is not definitely written as a solo, a pleasant variety may be introduced by taking the alto notes with the left hand and lifting the melody an octave higher, either with the Clarinet alone or with it in combination with Flute or Fife. The Bourdon is somewhat too weighty for normal use without the counterbalancing use of the Clarinet stop. The Fife and Clarion (3) (3) are chiefly of value as lending brilliancy in combination, but they are apt to prove reedy and unsatisfactory when used alone—the Fife in its higher notes being too shrill to be pleasant. Hence they are seldom employed by themselves except in music written lower than usual, or transposed to the lower octave. Skillfully used, however, they yield some exceedingly happy effects, and their ready responsiveness makes itself felt in lighter passages. Their neighbouring stops, the Hautbois or Oboe and the Bassoon (4) (4), are also reedy and somewhat thin in tone, a characteristic quality which makes them subservient to the requirements of orthodox pastoral melodies or of quaint subdued and plaintive music. No shepherd could watch his flocks upon the harmonium, and no rustic dance preserve its charm there, without the Oboe and Bassoon. They are consecrated to the rural Pan. The Musette (5), again, as one would suspect from its name,

is not wholly dissimilar in point of reediness, though more delicate in its tonic quality which enters into pleasant combination with the Bassoon or Cor Anglais. It is a name, however, which carries with it a certain antique fragrance to which the harmonium stop does not wholly respond—the Musette of the old gavottes will find no answering tones outside the sphere of the imagination.

THE VIOLIN.—IV.

When you begin to draw the bow over the strings, as shown in our last lesson, several unexpected things will happen; and you will probably be tempted to reflect upon the apparent mystery there is in the simplest matters. But there is no mystery, only Art, which on the most respectable authority is long, while Life is short, and therefore to be approached wisely and wooed persistently if anything like equal terms are to be maintained.

What happens? the bow that looked so easy to grasp initiates a kind of paralysis in your fingers; it starts on an extempore excursion beyond the bridge; and the sounds that issue from the instrument make a nervous person feel that even neuralgia might be a comparative blessing.

The illustration given last month shows the disposition of the fingers in holding the bow. If this disposition were analysed, it would be found that it gives the minimum of constraint with the maximum of effective power over the bow. In your memorable first attempt to produce tone you have probably contrived to exactly reverse the order—you are holding the bow with the maximum of constraint and the minimum of power. Now the bow must be responsive to the will of the player; through its whole length it must vibrate, so to speak, with his life; and any fault in the method of holding it will have most unhappy results.

First of all attend to the position of the thumb. It must be placed under the stick close to the nut, and exactly opposite the second finger. You will do well to realise early that to the thumb and finger so placed are committed the main work of holding the bow. Do not fancy that the stick is to be held in the whole hand as if sounds had to be drawn from the instrument by sheer force. Lightly but firmly the thumb and second finger do the work, receiving only the slightest aid from the third and fourth fingers, and leaving the first finger free to play upon the stick with a varying pressure, according to the tone and impression desired. Your first tendency will be to clutch the bow instead of holding it with an easy poise; your second will be to straighten the fingers instead of keeping the joints rounded, and inclining the whole gracefully towards the end of the bow. This proneness to stiffen the fingers must be instantly remedied; and the same remark applies to the thumb, the first joint of which must be turned full out. The effect of making the fingers and thumb straight and rigid is not merely the making of degrees of pressure impossible; the pressure upon the string will be a hard downward one, instead of the firm sympathetic contact, which alone is required to set the strings in vibration.

Suppose now that you draw the bow from end to end over the A string, observing the rules just explained, and aiming at the production of a steady pure tone. Gently, friend, the strings of your violin are not cables on which weight has to be thrown. They are strung at a high tension, and are sensitive to the gentlest pressure. Just now you produced a sound with the first callous impact of the hair on the string, that spoke the resentment of the instrument from its soul outwards. Begin softly, seducing the string, as it were, into vibration, and resting satisfied at first with a small quantity of tone if it be pure. On this head I may quote you a passage addressed by Tartini to a lady pupil, a passage which is to be found in almost every violin tutor, and which could indeed ill be spared, so sound is the advice it contains. "Your first aim should be to hold, balance, and press the bow lightly but steadily upon the string so that it shall seem to breathe the first tone it gives, which must proceed from the friction of the bow and not from percussion as from the blow of a hammer. This depends upon laying the bow lightly on the strings at the first contact, and on gently pressing it afterwards. If done gradually, this can scarcely have too much force given to it, because if the tone is begun with delicacy, there is little danger of rendering it afterwards coarse or harsh. Of this first contact and delicate manner of beginning a tone you should make yourself a perfect mistress in every part of the bow—as well in the middle as at the extremities, and in moving it up as well as down." This is golden advice; and you may have a practical demonstration of what the neglect of it implies in almost any concert-room where the first and second violinists are arranged two by two along the length of the platform. If you are sitting near the centre the entries seem perfect; you are only conscious of the music. But if you are sitting near one or other end, you cannot help realising that there are near you men with instruments in their hands capable at times of yielding objectionable noises. Of course the explanation is that the raw players, of whom there are generally some in every orchestra, are placed at the end furthest from the conductor, and their rasping tones as the bows bite the strings constitute a serious objection to proximity.

Remember Tartini, then, although he is more than a century old. Your fresh start off is better, but a new species of squeak and scrape develops itself, and your bow, which at the outset lay at right angles to the strings, now shows a tendency to become parallel. This leads to another cardinal rule—straight-bow. The hair must traverse the strings at a uniform distance from the bridge, say of one inch, and in line with the bridge. To maintain straight-bow during the whole length of the stroke is one of the most difficult, as it also is one of the most essential points of violin playing. There are few players, indeed, ideally perfect in this regard, and there are some of otherwise excellent technique who miss the front rank because of this special imperfection in bowing. Full apprehension of this demands an examination of the action of the bow arm and wrist, to which part of our next lesson will be devoted.

Practise the following scale; do not remove the bow from one string until all the notes on that string have been played; take care to press the point of the finger firmly on the string, and on no account lay the fingers flatly upon the string. The joints of the fingers must be kept square. The figures indicate the fingers that are to be used, the cipher marking the open string; the bracket shows the semi-tones. Begin with the down bow; take care to get the semi-tones in tune, and let the first and second fingers remain on the string when placing the third. And finally practise, and yet again practise.



Questions and Answers.

ACCIACATURA.—You will see that the result of the competition for "Violin and Piano Romance" is to be announced in October.

M. J. ATKINS.—Your composition shows sufficient merit to make it quite worth your while to begin a serious study of theory and harmony.

WALTER SWIFT.—Nos. 1 and 4 of the *Magazine* are not now on sale. Some of our readers may, however, be able to let you have these numbers to complete your set. We shall be glad to hear.

W. ICKE.—The Secretary of the College of Organists is Mr E. H. Turpin, 95 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, W.C., who will furnish all particulars. The diplomas are valuable, and have to be won by special attainments.

HEERMANN. Spohr visited England more than once. He played at the Philharmonic concerts in 1830, and he also led the Norwich Festival in 1839.

LOUIE. Your music-writing is very creditable. If all our correspondents took as much pains to write their notes clearly, our eyes and temper would be less tried.

BELLOWS. Regular strokes, certainly. Your second question is unsuitable. If you will send stamped and addressed envelope we shall recommend a manual.

UNSUITABLE. "Golden Morn;" "A Message from the West;" "Andante in F;" "Airs arranged for Banjo;" "Low my Lute;" "Abendlied."

In consequence of pressure on space, answers to E. Grove, Exam. Choirmaster, L. E. L., Baritone, and Wellwisher are deferred.



In order to stimulate the literary, musical, and artistic activities of our readers, we propose to offer from month to month a series of prizes for the best examples of one or other form of Composition.

All pieces in Competition are to be fully stamped, and marked outside with the title of Competition, and name and address of Competitor. Address, Editor, *Magazine of Music*, 23 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Vocal Waltz.—As this has proved a popular form of competition in the past, we again offer a prize of Three Guineas for a Vocal Waltz, to be entitled, "Our Lady Supreme," with the words—

"Light to our sky as Aurora's fair beam,
Come and reign over the hearts you enslave,
Hearts that would die for you, Lady Supreme,
Daughter of Sea-Kings from over the wave."

A preference will be given to a competition either directly based upon Scandinavian airs, or expressing the spirit of northern music. Pieces to be lodged by 30th October. If none are held to be of sufficient merit the Competition will be kept open.

Illustration of a Musical Subject.—A further prize of One Guinea is offered for an "Illustration of a Musical Subject" with a motto from the poets. The sketch must be clearly drawn in pen and ink, full page size. No tints must be used. To be lodged by September 5, and if no design is of sufficient merit the Competition will be kept open.

SONG.—A large number of settings of the words "A Hey! for the North, and a Hey! for the South," have reached us. At the moment of going to press the decision of the adjudicators has not come to hand.

Romance for Violin and Piano.—The decision of the adjudicators is also waited in this case. It will be published next month.

Dates and conditions of the following competitions will be announced later:—

Organ Voluntary.
Sacred Solo, with Harmonium Accompaniment.
Christmas Carol.
Anthem.

The above conditions are subject to modification up to last issue of this *Magazine* prior to closing of competition. The Editor cannot undertake to notice any communications from Competitors. The Prizes are subject to be re-announced if the pieces lodged are not held to have sufficient merit.

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